The Nation.

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The Week.

There have been a good many pernicious political doctrines preached of late years, but Senator Hemenway's seemingly comfortable counsels are worse than any of them. "No matter who may be nominated by the [next Republican] convention," he says, "you may rest assured that a wise choice will be made, for, with such men as Fairbanks, Taft, Cannon, and Knox to choose from, how can any mistake be made?" In other words, he seems to think, as any ordinary voter might, that it really makes very little difference who is nominated. Yet in the last month the Protective Tariff League has unmasked Mr. Taft and shown him to be a free-trader, Fairbanks's reactionary designs are known to all, Knox was a corporation lawyer, while Cannon is as objectionable to the revisionists as Taft to the stand-patters. Mr. Hemenway remarks that neither bouquets nor brickbats are expected for the Fairbanks boom, when President Roosevelt speaks at Indianapolis. But we must have these things. It is not right, after some years of government by bouquets and brickbats, to speak as if neither mattered. The axiom that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other, if accepted, would play havoc with politics. Next we shall have some one saying that a Republican national convention could safely be left to choose the next Presidential candidate, acording to its own judgment and convictions at the time.

Speaker Cannon's remark, "I would rather that the people wished me President in their hearts than that I be made President," is almost suspiciously well-adapted to the quotation book. It is, in fact, faintly reminiscent of the modest utterances of many other great men. The trouble is that, while everybody knows who is President, nobody can tell for a certainty who the people "wish in their hearts" were holding that exalted office. Yet there is a distinct place in our public life for the man whom few would think of really making President and yet whom hosts of fellow-citizens would like to see honored in every possible way. Mr. Cannon is such a man on the Republican side, and ex-Senator Cockrell on the Democratic. The two most impressive unorganized "demonstrations" of recent years were given these veterans—Mr. Cannon's in the House of Representatives, Mr. Cockrell's in the last Democratic National Convention. Neither ever stood more than the remotest chance of nomination, but both occupy places in the hearts of their countrymen that most of our actual Presidents would have envied.

Postmaster Willcox undoubtedly made a strong point when he referred the other day to Secretary Cortelyou as proof that entering the civil service does not mean the stagnation of every one who takes the examinations. Mr. Cortelyou will long be the classic example of the Cabinet Minister who rose from the ranks of the civil employees. But whether he is not to remain merely the exception which proves the rule, time alone can show. Men of parts undoubtedly take the examinations; some of them resign from the service before their ambition is quenched, while others succumb early to the narcotic influence which comes with a permanent position, easy hours, and a fixed routine. Mr. Cortelyou was fortunate in being transferred to the White House, than which there is certainly no more broadening or interesting field of activity, and he was thus given the opportunity of impressing his personality upon two Presidents, while remaining very much of a mystery to the public at large. Dozens of men in other departments in Washington may have Mr. Cortelyou's admirable qualities, and still others, but lack the chance to bring them to the attention of a superior. No one contends to-day that our civil service is perfect, least of all those who are most devoted to its purity, but with time it should yet be made a genuine career for men of talent eager to get ahead and capable of assuming great responsibilities, as Mr. Cortelyou has shown himself.

The action of the National Association of Manufacturers, in voting to raise a fund of $1,500,000 in the next three years with which to combat the labor unions, is another significant sign of the times. It will be denounced, of course, by the unions as a corruption fund. If any part of it is used for the purpose of buying special privileges or interfering with the lawful rights of workingmen, the Association will properly be classified among those whom the President has so often denounced as the real enemies of the people. We do not believe that this is the purpose of the Association. Its members wish to control their own affairs. They do not object to labor unions as such, but to the lack of responsibility of their leaders. These men are too often corrupt and criminal, perfectly willing, as in Chicago, to bring misery to hundreds of families by calling strikes in return for bribes. They habitually play into the hands of the worst types of politicians, and, as in the Moyer and Haywood case, assume the attitude of being above the law. Now, if these leaders represented all the working people of the United States, the situation would be different. But they stand for only a small minority, who insist not only upon a labor monopoly, but the right to prevent by force Americans from earning a living as they see fit.

The work of the San Francisco grand jury in returning indictments against six public-service corporations, in company with Mayor Schmitz and the fallen boss Ruef, goes to the heart of the entire question of political bribery. To punish the giver of the bribe, as well as the receiver is not only just and logical—it is effective. An indicted or threatened official may resign in the face of attack, or may seek immunity by confession or weeping in court, or, at the worst, may "take his medicine" philosophically, in the knowledge that a short term in prison may be forgotten in the calm old age of retirement which a fat bank account always makes possible. To the "respectable citizen" who buys franchises, on the other hand, the prospect of punishment must be unpleasant, to say the least. In this connection, too, we cannot but commend the action of Judge Coffey in exacting heavy bail—$10,000 on each count in the indictment. The United Railways was made to deposit no less than $560,000 in securities in behalf of its four indicted officials. This is in line with action taken recently by other courts in mulcting guilty corporations in really appreciable sums, and wounding them in their tenderest spot. It remains now for the San Francisco district attorney to press the indictments home, and to see to it that Abe Ruef receives his proper share of the punishment that must be meted out to rascals before the city can redeem itself.

Whether Secretary Root's Yale address, last week, on the reawakening of the nation's conscience, should be regarded as flattery or not, is a little difficult to say. His conclusion, from the review of various past episodes in the nation's history, is that the standard of political and commercial morality has been raised to a notably higher level. The instances which he cites prove that it indisputably has been. Unfortunately, however, the incidents to which he alludes as typical of other days were so utterly discreditable that, if we were charged as a nation with tolerating them

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now, we should resent it as an insult. It is no very high praise to be told that the bribing of Congressmen by a railway construction company, the selling of appointments by a Secretary of War, the acceptance of subsidies from a foreign government by a general of the army, or the election of a notorious financial and political adventurer to the Vice-Presidency, are no longer possible. Nor is it straining compliments to point out that the days when Gould and Fisk habitually bribed corrupt New York judges, fortified their offices with hired prize-fighters, and moved the books and headquarters of a great railway from New York to New Jersey in order to escape the law, are gone forever. We fully agree with Mr. Root, however, that this lifting of the standard has been due quite as much to the raising of the general idea as to improvement in the ideals of corporation managers. That the practices of such notorious scoundrels as Jay Gould and his railway associates had come long ago to be repudiated in disgust by the new generation of railway men, and this without any necessary coercion by outside public opinion, we see no reason for doubting. But it will hardly do to flatter ourselves too much on the new sensitiveness of the financial conscience, when we have so near at hand such episodes as the sharp practice in Metropolitan Street Railway finance, during 1902 and 1906; the swindling operations in various famous steel-trade "promotions," during 1899 and 1902, and the use of life insurance funds by speculating trustees in 1901. Possibly it is even true, as Mr. Root declares, that "the standard of probity and fidelity among the corporation managers of the country is higher now than it ever has been before." But the greater safeguard lies in the other fact, also stated by the Secretary, that "our people demand that a more rigid rule of morality shall be applied."

The fact that immediate disarmament is impracticable is no reason for shelving its present discussion. Its impracticability lies wholly in the need of a more active and vigorous public sentiment, and public sentiment was never yet engendered by a cautious fear of asking for some new concession to righteousness and civilization a little ahead of time. If some "statesman" of an earlier day could have persuaded Phillips, Whittier, and their kind that *abolition* was a word not to be uttered until minor mitigations actually within reach were secured, the chains would still be clanking in the Southern cotton fields. There is no real progress for the cause of international peace apart from a vigorous campaign against the folly of ever-increasing preparation for war, and the Mohonk Conference will find that it has weakened its moral power by listening to advice emanating from sources not really in sympathy with the cause for which it is supposed to stand. It might as well be abandoned, if it is to continue as timid and cowardly as it was last week—not even daring to follow Secretary Root's advice and ask of the Hague Conference more than the Government could.

"If it were more generally known in the United States that the best cottonseed oil is equal in purity and healthfulness to olive oil," said Major Carson, chief of the Government Bureau of Manufactures, at Jamestown, the other day, "the demand for cottonseed oil at home would expand to a point that would seriously interfere with the profits of foreign olive oil manufacturers." If the American people, after using cottonseed oil for generations, in its thin disguise of olive oil, does not yet know its good qualities, the case might as well be given up at once. Of course, there is an immense amount of nonsense about substituted articles of this sort. It may well be that, if cottonseed had been a costly foreign product, and olives a cheap by-product of another crop, we should be denouncing the olive oil man for palming off his greasy wares upon us. But the effort of cottonseed oil to make a reputation for itself is only part of one of the most interesting movements of the "fake" products now trying to be sold on their merits. It will doubtless take years for adjustments. Some deceptive wares have already disappeared from the market precipitately. Others, of which this oil may be one, are destined for prosperity greater, as well as more honest, than before.

Every intelligent theatre-goer will hope that Richard Mansfield may be speedily restored to health by the airs of his native country, and that he will be enabled to resume his theatrical work with renewed spirit and vigor. His recent illness appears to have worked some strange transformations in his temperament and ideas. It has even brought him to the point of confessing that in the days of his hot and impulsive youth he made a mistake in regarding certain experienced critics, who disapproved of his artistic methods, as base calumniators or contemptible ignoramuses. He has discovered, as the Master of Trinity once observed to the undergraduate who contradicted him, that we all make mistakes, even the youngest of us. That is a valuable lesson to learn. When he has mastered it more completely, it may occur to him that the candid critics may not have been wholly responsible for the loss of the fortune which he deplores. Otherwise, he might find himself compelled to admit that the laudatory notices, of which he has had his full share in these later years, were among the chief causes of his prosperity. A little while ago, he announced his irrevocable decision to retire from the stage at the end of three years. It is good news to hear that his present intent is to remain upon it indefinitely, but in the character of a star, not as a manager. Is it possible that he meditates an engagement with the Syndicate, which he once defied and denounced in more outspoken fashion than he ever did the critics? This, surely, would be for him a huge mistake in every respect, except, possibly, the pecuniary. Fortunately, this contingency is not imminent, and in the lazy months to come Mr. Mansfield will have time for many new resolutions.

The insistence of members of the Bible Class conducted by John D. Rockefeller, jr., that notices of its meetings be sent no longer on postal cards, but in plain, sealed envelopes, like private letters, racing tips, circulars of green goods games, or cures for inebriety, betrays a singular state of mind. Many of them say that they live in boarding houses, where one's right hand or right-hand neighbor seldom remains in ignorance for more than a few minutes of what one's left hand or left-hand neighbor is doing. They do not want to be twitted about belonging to the most celebrated religious fellowship in America. Their neighbors hint that the class must be subsidized or granted rebates in some underground fashion, and this is not pleasant for those who know that there is nothing of the sort. It takes vastly more moral courage in these days for the poor and struggling to fraternize with the excessively rich than for the excessively rich to hold out the helping hand. But, if this kind of moral courage is not engendered in this paragon of Bible classes, then where, in a selfish and hypocritical world, are we to look for it?

The announcement is made at Harvard that to Alain LeRoy Locke of Philadelphia has been awarded $250, the first of the three Bowdoin prizes given annually to undergraduates for the three best literary essays. The interesting fact about this is that Mr. Locke is the young colored man who recently carried off the Rhodes scholarship from Pennsylvania over a number of competitors. The Bowdoin prize is the most important bestowed at Harvard. This, we are inclined to think, shows conclusively that Mr. Locke has "forgotten his place." It is trying enough to have him beat our white boys for the honor of going to Oxford; but that he should now carry off the Bowdoin prize by an essay on Tennyson of really unusual literary merit, will be regarded in some circles, we fear, as seriously threatening the foundations of our Anglo-Saxon civil-

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ization. It is really very cruel of Mr. Locke. True, he has two generations of educated parents behind him, but this is no excuse. We very much fear that the negroes are determined not to stay in the places assigned to them by their mental superiors.

The Paris press derives a good deal of amusement from the German Emperor's act in ordering the removal of the statue of Heinrich Heine from the grounds of his recently acquired Villa Achilleion, in the Island of Corfu, formerly the property of the unfortunate Empress Elizabeth of Austria. It would have been miraculous, remarks the *Temps*, if the King of Prussia had extended his toleration to one who signed himself "Heine, emancipated Prussian." The Germanic nature, this journal goes on to say, cherishes its hatreds; and it quotes Heine himself as authority for the fact that the Germans have never forgiven the French the execution of Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufen, by Charles of Anjou, in 1268. The Kaiser's action does give rise to the question whether the fame of Heine is waning in Germany. That the contrary is true outside of Germany, there can be little doubt. But William II. is undoubtedly representative of his nation, and he has our own President's infallible instinct for voicing the prevailing sentiment of the moment among the great mass of his subjects. Is it possible, then, that, in a period of intense patriotic self-consciousness like the present, Germany is turning against her great mocker and cosmopolite, who was also a great lyric poet?

If the rejection of the Irish bill leaves the Liberals looking rather chop-fallen, it has caught the Tories looking very foolish. They had made all their preparations for a resounding fight against the measure. There was to have been an immense Unionist meeting in London, early in June, to denounce this new attempt to rend the Empire; and all the changes were to be rung on the perfidy of the Liberals, and the treason of Irishmen. This artificial excitement will now scarcely be indulged in. What the Irish themselves have rejected as a mere nothing, the Tories cannot erect into a terrible portent to alarm the nation. And they have further grounds for uneasiness over the mistaken action of the Nationalists at Dublin in putting an end to Irish legislation at this session of Parliament. This will leave the Ministry free to turn their hands to other measures. One of these was hinted at in the Prime Minister's speech at Manchester, the other day. It is the question of land reform. On this subject there is a vast stirring of public opinion. The movement for securing small holdings of land for laborers and farmers, for increasing the security of tenure for those who rent land, and especially for readjusting the taxation on land, which is often grossly inequitable, is making great headway. If the Government resolutely press a bill, embodying the popular demands, it will be an exceedingly awkward thing for the Lords to throw it out. Indeed, it might furnish the best of chances to go to the country on the issue of reforming the House of Lords. This is the reason why Mr. Balfour speaks so bitterly about a possible land bill, and why it causes such searching of heart in his party.

The latest report to the German Reichstag of the development of the Kiao-Chou colony is of a more encouraging character. It covers the period from October 1, 1905, to October 1, 1906, during which the income of the colonial government rose from $250,000 to $342,600, or 37 per cent. The value of the commerce passing through the harbor of Tsing-tau rose from 32,400,000 Mexican dollars to 39,400,000. This does not mean that the actual trade of the colony has grown to that extent, for Tsing-tau is a port used by the merchants of the interior to ship their goods, which, going either way, pass through German territory. Indeed, this transitory character of the trade of the colony is one of the greatest difficulties confronting its administrators. It is so dependent upon the *Hinterland* that it can be but slowly developed into a separate state. None the less, it profits by the shipping in its harbor, which increased by 50,000 tons in the year under consideration, while the passenger traffic of the railway rose from 780,228 persons to 811,285. The coal traffic is steadily increasing, owing to the development of the German mines, which gave 13,716 carloads to the railroad to haul. As there has also been a continual improvement in the judiciary and school systems, this report must cheer the Reichstag not a little, for from Africa it has had nothing but bad news for several years past.

Though the reported uprising in Kwan-tung has so far assumed no definite anti-foreign character, the probability that the rebels may turn their arms against Europeans, as well as against the local mandarins and the dynasty, is not at all remote. All accounts agree that the feeling against foreigners has been steadily growing since the great war, and that progressives are competing with reactionaries in proclaiming fervid principles of patriotism and national self-sufficiency. The native press, which has experienced such a remarkable growth of late, is hostile to the white man's influence, an attitude which is generally explained as due to the fact that most of the newspaper writers are young men fresh from their studies in Japan, and eager for radical measures looking towards national regeneration. There can be little doubt, however, that under the guise of patriotism the reactionaries have succeeded in winning the sympathy of the court away from ideas of progress. This has been made manifest by the partial eclipse of Yuan-shih-kai, viceroy of Chili, and the shelving in the governorship of Mukden of his protégé, Tang-Shao-Yi. He, at Peking, had exercised a powerful influence for progress in connection with the Foreign Office, the railways, and the maritime customs. The rebellion in the south is very probably the response to the reactionary course of the Government. In general, there is no lack of evidence that China is fast mastering the theory and practice of revolution according to the latest methods. Socialist literature in Chinese translations is being circulated in the north, and dynamite seems clearly to be coming into vogue at Tien-tsin and other advanced towns.

Rumania, from present indications, may soon join Russia and China in appealing to the world for famine relief. A prolonged drought, following upon the destruction wrought in the recent peasant uprising, has rendered harvest prospects of the gloomiest. The steps taken by the Liberal Government for ameliorating the condition of the peasantry have been met with characteristic selfishness on the part of the large landed proprietors. The royal proclamation promising the enactment of laws doing away with the great agricultural trusts, establishing a rural bank for the purpose of facilitating the acquisition of land by the small farmers, and making it incumbent on the state and the large insurance companies to lease their lands to associations of peasants, has brought about a better feeling among the mass of the population. Meanwhile, the radical policy which the Liberal Government has thought it imperative to introduce, such as the intervention of the prefects for the purpose of arbitrarily reducing rents under existing contracts, has evoked a sharp protest from the large landowners, who, in addition, complain that the indemnity for their losses offered them by the Government in the form of three-year loans, is insufficient. The Conservative party, which for a long time has been split up into bitterly hostile factions, is now reported as reunited, under the leadership of M. Carp, whose views are those of the landlords. Should the Liberals be defeated in the parliamentary elections in the beginning of June, the prospects of effective agrarian reform should be dim indeed.

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KUROKI ASKS ABOUT THE TARIFF.

We have received by wireless from Washington a short-hand account in Japanese of a conversation between Gen. Kuroki and the President. It shows that the distinguished visitor from Japan is deeply interested in the ongoing of democratic government, and is especially curious about the power of public opinion in this country. Of course, owing to the uncertainties of transmission, deciphering, and translating, we cannot absolutely guarantee that the following is an exact transcript of the actual dialogue at the White House, but it cannot be far wrong. Truth, after all, shines by its own radiant light. As nearly as we can make out the talk between the exalted personages, it ran very much in this fashion:

Gen. Kuroki. I am anxious to learn about American government. You have no Samurai, no nobles, no Elder Statesmen. Who then is it that decides what must be done?

President Roosevelt. Why, my dear General, with us the people rule. Elected officials are but their servants, to do as they direct.

K. But how do they make their wishes known?

R. Through the newspapers, through meetings, boards of trade, public associations, party conventions, and through the utterances of their chosen representatives. That is what we call public opinion, and it is supreme in the United States.

K. Then Congress and the Administration are compelled to do what public sentiment desires to be done?

R. Certainly. No party in power would dare to disregard a real popular demand.

K. Let me make my questions specific. They tell me that there is a strong movement in this country for tariff revision. From what I learn, the sentiment appears to be overwhelmingly in its favor. Now, why is nothing done?

R. Well, you must know that this subject is very intricate and disputed.

K. Still, are not the facts as I am informed? Do not all Democrats want the tariff lowered? Are not many Republicans demanding the same thing? Is it not true that many honorable Senators are declaring for it, and that your great Secretary of War with your powerful Speaker Cannon are saying it must be done? Am I wrong in supposing that you yourself were once a free-trader, and that you had a message ready for Congress two years ago calling for a reform of the tariff? My interpreter tells me that chambers of commerce and associations even of manufacturers are passing resolutions in favor of cutting down your customs duties. It seems clear that public opinion has declared itself in that sense. The people are nearly of one mind. Then why is nothing done? Why has the Republican party not hastened to execute the popular will?

R. Ah, but we are going to. We are going next year to promise the people to revise the tariff a year or two after that.

K. But why wait? Have you not the power now?

R. Yes, but there are great difficulties in the way. There is, for example, the Steering Committee in the Senate.

K. I have not read of that, nor has our Embassy told me anything about it.

R. Well, it is a sort of General Staff of the Republican party. It decides what legislation may be enacted, very much as your General Staff plans a campaign. And thus far it has not permitted the party to take up the revision of the tariff.

K. Is it, then, more powerful than the party? Can it refuse to let the people have their way?

R. Oh, no; but some one has to be in charge of all such matters, you understand, and these influential Senators are the ones in this case. They have much to do, you see, with providing the sinews of party war—what we call campaign funds—and this enables them to say what laws may be passed, and when. They have decided that tariff revision would be ruinous to our prosperity this year, but that two years from now it would heighten it.

K. May they not change their minds, two years from now? If so, could they not then prevent all legislative action?

R. They could, but we all hope they won't.

K. This is truly puzzling. If public opinion rules, how can a handful of men resist and thwart it?

R. The trouble is, General, that there are practical considerations which come in to delay matters. Even an army, you know, cannot move until the commissariat is ready.

K. Now I begin to understand. My experience with the Russian troops helps me. Those brave fellows could not do their best because the corrupt army contractors did not give them good supplies, and their generals were all the while overruled from court. It was not the stout soldiers, but the incompetent commanders and the thieving Government clique, who brought defeat upon them. What you mean to tell me is that your Steering Committee, with the men who pay money to your party, are the ones who are holding back the Republican army from marching to do its duty.

R. You quite misunderstand me, General. We are sure to do it, in time. But, as practical men, we have to consider opportuneness and ways and means and political strategy and party advantage and the awkwardness of doing what we have denounced our opponents for proposing.

K. Thanks for all this information. I now understand what is meant by public opinion always having its way in the United States. It is supreme unless some one has bought the power to defy it. It can do everything except reform a tariff which selfish men have paid the Republican party to keep unreformed. When I tell them about this in Japan they will be interested. Perhaps, they will be surprised.

THE LAND QUESTION IN THE DUMA.

The existence of Russia's second Parliament is probably more precarious at the present moment than it ever has been during weeks of rumored dissolutions, *coups d'état*, and conspiracies. No single violent speech brought about the dispersal of the first Parliament, and something far more serious even than an injury to the honor of the army will be needed to precipitate a crisis in the second. Such a crisis is not improbably at hand now. Up to the present we have had, on the whole, comparatively light skirmishing, but as a result of the position taken last week by Premier Stolypin with regard to the agrarian question, issue has finally been joined on the question that lies closest to the heart of the great mass of the people. The Agrarian Commission of Ninety-nine, according to the Prime Minister's statement, has adopted the principle of forcible expropriation of private landlords for the benefit of the peasants, without consulting the wishes of the Government, which is unalterably opposed to the scheme. Against forcible expropriation M. Stolypin upholds his method of gradual transfer of land through the peasants' banks, through which between twenty-five and thirty millions of acres, or about one-third of the minimum amount considered necessary to satisfy the land-hunger of the population, have already been offered for sale.

Is the Duma, then, near its end? If that body should insist on upholding the action of its commission, there would be little chance, or, for that matter, little reason, for its further existence. Its fate would seem therefore to lie in the hands of the Constitutional Democrats. Their land plan was characterized by the Prime Minister as amounting to virtual expropriation, because of the inadequate rate of compensation it prescribed. If, however, the matter of price only is in question, it is not impossible that the Constitutional Democrats may be willing to negotiate with the Government. Of the parties of the Left, as we have said before this, the Government would in that case take little account. That the Duma to them is not a place for doing business, but for carrying on revolutionary agitation, they have frankly avowed.

The Government's stand against any method of agrarian reform involving a

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sudden "social upheaval" must be the cause of unlimited satisfaction to the members of the Left. Still more pleased would they be if the Constitutional Democrats should join hands with the Ministry. That storm of popular wrath which they have been waiting and working for would then burst, so they reason, over the heads of all the bourgeois parties. We find this point of view stated in a remarkable speech recently delivered by Gregory Gershuni, the Social-Revolutionary leader, who was in this country a short time ago. Defending the tactics of those revolutionary Deputies in the Duma who were exerting themselves to prevent a dissolution, he said frankly that such action was necessary in order to gain time for the great upheaval, the armed insurrection which is to sweep away the entire existing political and social structure. He pleaded for patience, for submission to *force majeure*, in order that the responsibility for the inevitable failure of all moderate schemes of reform, and notably of the Duma itself, should once for all be placed upon the shoulders of the Government.

The great argument in the revolutionary arsenal is that from the Romanofs and their supporters no good can come. Let the land be offered to the peasants in large quantities by the present Government, land enough in the total to relieve the pressing wants of the people, and who will guarantee that the peasants shall not be tricked and plundered as they were in 1861, or that they shall not be crushed under the weight of taxes placed upon their new holdings, or that they shall be protected against the exactions of the usurer and the temptations of the state vodka shops? In homely language, their case might be stated as calling not only for a new deal all around, but for a sure preventive against all cheating on the part of the dealer of the cards.

Concerning the technical questions involved in Russia's agrarian problem, it is difficult to speak in any but the most general way. When Russian public men differ among themselves as to whether the endowment of the peasants with sufficient land will cost 2,500,000,000 rubles or 7,500,000,000 rubles, the outsider should proceed with caution. Books of statistics, and such authorities as Beatrice C. Baskerville, who has written on the question in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*, assign from 32 to 39 per cent. of the soil to the peasants, from 35 to 42 per cent. to the Crown and the Imperial family, and about 25 per cent. to private landowners. The additional amount needed by the peasants has been computed by a Cadet leader at about 120,000,000 acres, according to recent dispatches, though Miss Baskerville quoted an earlier estimate ranging from eighty-six to ninety millions. On the basis of the latter figures this writer asserted that some twenty-seven millions would be forthcoming from the Crown, and that about 10 per cent. of private holdings, amounting to 25,000,000 acres, could be purchased within a reasonable time, as in fact has been done. There remain about thirty-five million acres to be supplied before a reasonably satisfactory solution of the problem can be attained.

But, after all dallying with figures, the problem resolves itself into the old one—how to bring about the cessation of a régime which, on the one hand, crushes the cultivator of the soil under a burden of taxes that rise frequently to the crying absurdity of "180 to 280 per cent. of the normal rental value of the holding," and, on the other, upholds as its policy the retention of the peasantry in a state of ignorance that renders intelligent cultivation impossible. Official figures give every *mujik* in European Russia, "man, woman, or child, 4 1-25 acres to live upon," enough, surely, to prevent chronic famine. But under the present régime can the agrarian question ever be settled?

JAPAN AS A COLONIZER.

The London *Times* report that a Japanese expedition of 8,000 men is endeavoring to subjugate the savages of the east coast of Formosa, indicates, if correct, a change of policy from that of the late Governor-General, Viscount Kodama. He undertook to solve the difficulty by leaving these natives severely alone; only when they have sought to leave their territory was any force applied. The civilized part of the island is protected by a frontier of blockhouses, and it was the plan of Viscount Kodama to make greater headway with this western portion before trying to conquer the savages. Japan has felt that in Formosa she is on trial as a colonizing Power, and that according to her successes there her efforts in Korea and Manchuria will be prejudged.

The Japanese are particularly sensitive to foreign criticism. Hence they are anxious that they should get full credit for what they have already achieved in Formosa. Official blue-books are always available, and these have been further reinforced by an elaborate study, entitled "Japanese Rule in Formosa," by Yosaburo Takekoshi, an excellent translation of which has just been published by Longmans, Green & Co. There is much in the facts herein related of which the Japanese may be proud. First of all, brigandage, a curse of centuries, has been put down, so that it is now safe for a young girl to travel alone from one end of the civilized part of the island to the other. Viscount Kodama was prompt to do away with military government, and substitute civil rule. If Formosa is still properly described as an "island of policemen," it is at least noteworthy that these policemen are responsible directly to the Governor-General. The taxes, it is true, are heavier under Japanese rule than Chinese, but the payments to brigands and corrupt officials have stopped, while the railroad has been built, many new roads constructed, and life and property secured. On the other hand, the farmers receive much better prices for rice, wages are higher, and business opportunities have been greatly increased. The last Japanese subsidy was paid in 1904, and the island is now self-supporting. It is believed that by 1910 Japan will have made out of the profits of her trade with Formosa all that the island has cost her.

Altogether, so far as the financial and industrial side of the case is concerned, the Japanese record has been really remarkable. For instance, the rice crop has risen from 20,529,000 bushels in 1899 to 41,598,000 in 1904, an increase of over 100 per cent. The railroad now pays for itself, the mileage having been increased from 63 to 259. There are 6,000 miles of good roads, nearly all of which were built between the years 1899 and 1902. Nearly 2,000 miles of telegraph wires have been put in service since the Japanese conquest, and the telephone and wireless telegraphy are also in use. But, while all this spells one kind of progress, the supreme test of the success of a colonizing nation is, after all, whether it is supplying a just government, and whether the governed are contented. As Mr. Takekoshi says: "New territory may be won by the sword, . . . but unless the conquering nation possesses the qualifications necessary for the wise administration of its possessions, decay and dissolution inevitably follow." Naturally, Mr. Takekoshi feels that the success thus far achieved should admit Japan "into the community of the world's great colonial powers"; he has no doubt as to the ultimate happiness of the Formosans under Japanese rule, precisely as he defends the government monopoly of the salt, camphor, and tobacco industries.

It must be admitted that, if the Japanese follow the policy laid down by Mr. Takekoshi, they are likely to do as well by the Formosans as any foreign rulers could. "Any attempt," he says, "to force our customs and social institutions upon them, and to mould them on the Japanese model, will only imperil our policy of colonizing the island without achieving any good result. . . . We should not forget that the secret of success in tropical colonization lies in winning the confidence of the natives by a liberal and wise administration, and securing their loyal coöperation. . . ." These are words that might well be posted in large letters over the Governor-General's desk in Manila. We have no doubt that the foolish and unsuccessful effort to mould

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the Filipinos into the American form was in Mr. Takekoshi's mind when he penned these words.

In Korea, the problem is likely to be far more difficult. The Nagasaki correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* has recently confirmed the reports of the growing uneasiness of the Koreans. Affairs are assuming a "menacing aspect," and the Korean hatred of their overlords is intensified by such incidents as the recent extraordinary theft of the holy Korean pagoda of white marble. The wisdom of a Viscount Kodama is greatly needed in Korea, where many of the Japanese immigrants are of a highly undesirable class. "So long," remarks the *Guardian's* correspondent, "as Koreans can be insulted, abused and imposed on without penal consequences to the aggressors, they cannot be expected to bow humbly to the new conditions." Individual cases of oppression will occur in all colonies. For this we need not criticise the Japanese too severely, but the Government which fails to suppress such conduct on the part of its subjects is open to the severest criticism. The refusal to accept letters in the Korean language for transmission in the mails is one of the natives' grievances, and it is alleged that railways, mines, timber-lands, and other property have been or are being expropriated by the Government. The outlook, therefore, for Japanese success in Korea is as gloomy as it is cheerful in Formosa, and goes to prove that many years must elapse before the final judgment can be passed upon Japan as a colonial administrator, Mr. Takekoshi to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE EXCHANGE OF PROFESSORS.

The exchange of professors between German and American universities has now been going on long enough to give some hint of its value and the trend in the future. That it has been not much more than a *succès d'estime* appears to be the general opinion in Berlin university circles. The first enthusiasm has passed away, while the benefits in the way of international courtesy and good-will are now thoroughly attained. These have been practical results of value. Beyond this, however, there is little to be said. The latest German representative at Columbia is reported to have returned to his home much disappointed. On the other side, it cannot be alleged that the lectures of any of our representatives have deeply stirred the German *Gelehrtenwelt*. The present Harvard professor at Berlin, Dr. Richards, is one of our ablest chemists. But he learned nearly all that he knows from Germany, and has to impart his own investigations in English, a language understood by only one German student in every two hundred or so. Moreover, if Germany is rich in any field of learning, it is in this one of chemistry. Hence there is danger that his lectures, or others like them, may degenerate into a pastime for some of the members of the American or British colony.

The criticism is also heard that our representatives have been too much influenced by or drawn into court or diplomatic circles. They have not understood the Berlin situation, or realized that in the opinion of the German public this exchange of professors has appeared to be more of a court fad than anything to be taken very seriously. The newspapers have made little or no mention of the American professors, beyond reporting their initial lectures. German editors care no more to translate an English discourse than ours to give space to the views of the distinguished lecturers of the Alliance Française. Even the course of Professor Burgess, who delivered his lectures in German, aroused comparatively slight interest. Whether this is due solely to the court stamp upon the whole enterprise, or possibly to a belief that it is merely another whim of the Kaiser, like his enthusiasm for yachting, we do not undertake to say. It does, however, appear that the time has come for considering the future of what ought to be a valuable institution.

The Berlin *Tageblatt* is also of this opinion. Although it disclaims any intention of criticising the American lecturers individually, it none the less feels that, if present methods are to be adhered to, "no result worth mentioning, no real moral or scientific gain, will result." The whole experiment "can only turn out to be a curiosity in the history of education." It does not feel itself at liberty to go into the reasons for this, which are many, but it has a remedy to suggest. If there is to be "any prospect of success whatever," the matter must be taken up from another point of view. In the *Tageblatt's* opinion, "not an exchange of university teachers is what is needed, or an exchange of lecturers, but of methods of teaching." Knowledge of the scientific and educational progress of the countries concerned will have value, not lectures upon American Constitutional questions, which interest only a handful, or matters chemical, on which Germany has all the learning possible. The *Tageblatt* would have not merely professors of standing as delegates to the two countries, but young and studious teachers, medical men, scientists, even apprentices in the field of pure science. Men of this type should have the opportunity to study on the spot foreign methods of teaching and investigation, in order to compare them critically with those with which they are familiar. This would, it thinks, quickly result in a gradual "reanimation of the mental views of those countries affected."

If this sounds a bit pedantic, it is none the less suggestive. It could not be expected that we could send two professors to Germany each year who would have something notable to say. To our mind, the selection of Dr. Felix Adler to represent Columbia two years hence is one of the best made, not only because of his mastery of German, but because, through his lectures on ethical culture, he will be able to interpret American life and ideals not only to select educated classes, but to the masses as well. But intermediaries of this kind do not exist in large numbers; and if they did, it is questionable whether they, too, would not pall after a while. On the other hand, if the exchange is to follow the *Tageblatt's* lines, it might easily become merely one of graduate students, after the manner of the Rhodes scholarships. That would be valuable in itself, but by no means achieve the ends originally intended.

It must not be forgotten that a certain amount of exchange has been going on for decades. Leopold Ranke spoke many times before the Paris Academy of Science, while Liebig, Hoffmann, Helmholtz, Koch, and many other distinguished men have lectured before the Royal Institution in London. Centuries ago there were plenty of foreigners to be found at the Italian or Dutch or German or French universities. To-day there are several American professors permanently at English universities; Leipzig has long had Professor Caspar R. Gregory, and we on this side have Münsterberg, who came to us from a German chair, as did Von Holst. In the temporary and simultaneous character of the Berlin exchange lies the novelty. If it can be made of genuine value either along educational lines or in the interests of international understanding of international differences, no stone should be left unturned to accomplish this end. Perhaps there is a middle way—such as the lengthening of the stay of each professor; but whether there is or is not, something must be done, ere the exchange becomes a subject for jesting.

ART IN SMALL CITIES.

Growth of interest in the fine arts, in smaller American communities, particularly in those of less than one hundred and fifty thousand population, is an encouraging indication of our national progress in other than material directions. Wherever the art centre of the country may be just now—whether at Pittsburgh, where the munificence of the ironmaster has provided ample galleries, though there is no colony of painters and sculptors capable of filling them, or in New York, with its many artists whose works, to be adequately exhibited, have to be shown in Washington or Philadelphia—the fact is certain that subordinate centres of produc-

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tion and appreciation of art are all the while developing.

Prof. Charles Eliot Norton used to predict an artistic renaissance in this country when such places as Worcester and Lowell and Fall River should vie with each other in rivalry of the kind that in the best periods of Italian art subsisted among cities of substantially the same size as these New England manufacturing towns. The conditions for such competition are apparently being slowly prepared in many American cities whose habits and standards of living are distinctly *kleinstädtisch*. In the lesser industrial capitals the fine arts are cherished with ever-increasing regard—at least on the part of the women's clubs.

At all events, exhibitions of works by painters of high professional standing are to-day seen frequently in the minor cities. The wives and daughters of well-to-do manufacturers and merchants in these places invariably compel the men members of their families to attend the opening night in evening dress. Small-city folk buy pictures, too. An exhibition of paintings by contemporary American artists, arranged for Springfield, Mass., has annually sold more canvases than the New York public, reënforced by hundreds of thousands of visitors from every part of the continent, has purchased at Academy shows. Springfield is perhaps exceptional, but other cities of less than 100,000 population are interested in collections of pictures. A travelling exhibition, gathered from studios in this city, went the rounds successfully, during the past winter, of Charleston, Savannah, Tampa, Nashville, Lynchburg, and other Southern cities. Lowell, Whistler's birthplace, has an art association which has held two good exhibitions since 1905, and which now has ambitious designs to appeal, through picture shows, popular lectures, and instruction in the arts and crafts, to the artistic instincts not only of American-born middle-class people, but of the polyglot horde that has filled the factories and tenement houses of the city. Dallas, Tex., through the initiative of its art association, sees from time to time the work of painters of New York, Chicago, and Boston. The Worcester Art Museum since 1897 has been holding summer exhibitions which give not only the local public, but the world that travels through central Massachusetts by motor-car or trolley, opportunity to see some of the best things that were on view in the larger cities through the winter. There are associations for the promotion of the fine arts in such towns as Waco, Utica, Erie, Hamilton, and many more. We are, in fact, approaching such a condition as exists in Great Britain, where almost every provincial town has its "art union," with, oftentimes, a creditable museum, containing one or two Italian masterpieces, a few canvases by Sir Joshua and Gainsborough, and a sprinkling of works of the nineteenth century that suggest an answer to the question, "Where do Royal Academy pictures go when they are dead?"

Museums of art have been founded in many of the smaller cities of this country. Mrs. Hannah A. Currier, wife of a former Governor of New Hampshire, has provided for leaving an estate, of a present estimated value of more than a million dollars, to establish an art museum in Manchester. The validity of the Salisbury bequest of several million dollars having been established, Worcester, already provided with a well-equipped museum, is in a position to become a secondary art centre of great importance. Providence, Hartford, Rochester, Toledo, Pittsfield, and others have typical institutions for display of art collections.

The economic usefulness of an appreciation of the graphic arts in the minor industrial centres needs, of course, no argument—even if the exaggeration in the Manchester school's innocent belief that the study of Raphael would assist in the production and sale of ribbons, be conceded. Sculptors have long found some of their best opportunities in the smaller cities. Painters are now very generally seeking the same constituency. The field for the sale of pictures is broadening. Boston has become a much better place of residence than formerly for painters and sculptors, since the men at the New England capital have discovered that when they go into the cities of the West and South they are at no disadvantage.

The present inclination of the lesser municipalities, generally, appears to be to secure the best work, and to get competent advice as to what is best. Syracuse, neglecting a chance which twenty years ago would inevitably have been taken to spoil a public square with a conventional soldiers' monument selected from some contractor's book of patterns, lately took counsel with an eminent sculptor and secured from a limited competition a design which bids fair to give the city a thoroughly worthy monument. Again, Malden, Mass., has just put the matter of choosing both site and sculptor for an important monumental work into the hands of a committee in whose membership are painters and art critics. Such a disposition to act upon expert advice in æsthetic affairs is not the least hopeful sign of the progress of art in our democracy.

ROMAN ITALY IN THE NORTH.

I. TURIN.

It is not easy to remember that Turin, most modern and modern-looking of large Italian cities, owes its aspect to its faithfulness to Roman antiquity; and that under the present streets in the core of the town the sewers and pavements, the house walls, and even the cellars of the city of Augustus are so well preserved that they prove just how closely the lines of the old Roman streets have been followed. In fact, the city kept within its ancient limits and was surrounded by its Augustan brick walls with its colossal gateways until the sudden expansion of the seventeenth century led to their destruction. In the office of the Regional Department for the Preservation of Monuments, in the ducal Palazzo Madama, there hangs a plan of the ancient city to which every now and then some detail is added, as bits of the old streets are casually found, and which ought to be published without delay in its present form, as few archæologists, even, are aware of its existence and depend on what Promis gives in his superb but slightly antiquated book of 1869. It is true that a comparatively small subsidy would enable the department practically to complete the plan, but the Government seems unable to furnish it. My special interest lay in the study of the Roman Gates and in the place held by Turin under Augustus as one of the Keys to Italy; perhaps I may add something to Mommsen's masterly sketch of the policy of Augustus in his "Roman Provinces."

By a curious coincidence one can pass directly from the office of the Department of Ancient Monuments, by narrow subterranean stairs and passages, among the substructures of the mediæval Palazzo Madama, to the considerable remains of the principal gateway of the Augustan City, the Porta Prætoria, over and around which the mediæval dukes of Savoy built their castle and palace. It has four openings, two large central arcades for incoming and outgoing vehicles, flanked by two narrow passages for foot-passengers, corresponding to the sidewalks. All four of the Roman gates, one on each side of the city, were of the same style and size; and all, like the walls, of excellent brick work. The plan was of the usual Augustan type, even deeper than wide, with a central court and two huge flanking towers. How deep the court was in the Turin gates has not yet been exactly determined, but it can be as soon as the Government provides the funds for completing the restoration and uncovering of the so-called Palazzo delle Torri, or Porta Palatina, the ancient Porta Principalis Sinistra of Roman Turin, which was also turned into a fortress in the Middle Ages. On its outer face this colossal gateway, with its high sixteen-sided towers and double-arched gallery, is the only one of the four to remain in almost perfect preservation, so perfect that its Augustan date was not until quite recently admitted. Since 1905 it has been in process of restoration—the mediæval battlements removed, the windows and galleries opened up, the ancient level, two metres below the street, laid bare, and the later constructions attached to the face removed. If the ancient foundations and walls in the rear should be wholly uncovered—which the Government has not yet provided the funds to do—the plan of the fortress-like structure would be evident. Already we may conjecture it to be similar to the well-preserved Augustan gate at Nîmes, which also has four openings and a central court, though the Turin gate is on a larger scale, for its width with the towers exceeds 100 feet (36 metres).

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The two other city gates have disappeared, but they have been located and part of their foundations has been found. That on the south was called in the Middle Ages Porta Marmorea, perhaps owing to the marble facing that originally covered the lower part of the brickwork of these gates, but may have long previously been torn away from the others.

On none of them, however, was there any place for sculptured decoration in relief, so that I was led to attribute to some destroyed arch the sculptured frieze of arms and armor and the bit of a military scene now in the Museum, as well as the similar fine fragment of a prætorian soldier and horse in the Office of the Direzione! I am much tempted to resurrect for the purpose the Colony Arch of the Augustan Turin, which must have stood a short distance outside the principal city gate (Porta Prætoria), across the approach by the military road. I may be permitted to refer to the theory which I laid before the recent Archæological Congress at Athens, and which French archæologists seem to have since tested and found true of their numerous African arches, that when a Roman colony or municipality was founded, it was the general custom to build an arch across the main approach, on the sacred boundary line or *pomerium*. This arch usually received an inscription stating the name of the city, its municipal status, the time and sometimes the circumstances of its foundation. It was, in fact, the monumental emblem of the city, and marked it as part of the Roman domain. It corresponded to the triumphal arches in Rome.

We find such colony or municipal arches in the other Augustan cities of this northern and Alpine region, at Verona, Aosta, and Susa. It certainly must have existed at Turin. Where did it stand? At Aosta it it was placed 366 yards outside the city gate, and as the Roman Turin was of exactly the same length (2440 ft.) as Aosta, we may place its arch at about the same distance in front of the walls, probably outside of the gate under the Palazzo Madama. I have suggested to the Turin Office to look for its foundations near the line of the present Via della Zecca. The frieze of arms and armor which I attribute to it are of a type quite similar to that on the Colony Arch at Pola in Istria, and to that on the Colony Arch of St. Rémy in southern France, both of which belong to the early part of the reign of Augustus, undoubtedly also the date of Turin and its arch.

How can we venture to date the foundation of Turin so exactly? The form of its official title gives the clue: "Colonia Julia Augusta Taurinorum." It is clear that the colonies founded in the time of Julius Cæsar, say in Gaul, had been called "Colonia Julia Paterna." After his death (44 B. C.), the colonies founded by the triumvirs (43-30), who kept his memory green, were called simply "Colonia Julia." Then, when Augustus had in 27 B. C. frankly established an imperial constitution, he began to call all the new colonies founded by himself after his own name, "Colonia Augusta." But there were three years, from 29 to 27, during which he may have prepared the way by combining the two ascriptions Julia and Augusta, and to this category Turin belongs. This explanation seems more probable than the one which would make Cæsar its first and Augustus its second founder.

But are there historic reasons for placing Turin so much earlier in the reign of Augustus than is commonly thought? I believe there are. The explanation is the more interesting as it involves the entire scheme of Augustus for the combined defence of Italy from northern invasion, and for the invasion and conquest of northern Europe, by opening up the roads across the Alps. We know that, curiously enough, while Rome was conquering the world she was by no means safe in her own peninsula. The entire arc of the Alpine ranges from the Riviera to the crest of the Adriatic was still in the possession of unsubdued warlike tribes, and all the great Alpine passes were open to invaders from northern Europe, who could descend into the plains of Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venetia. Settled and advanced culture was impossible where freebooters had full sway. Worse yet, military communications with Gaul and Germany were insecure except in case of a large force, and depended on the friendship of local chieftains, such as that of Donnus, King of the Cottian Alps, whose friendship for Julius Cæsar had made the passage to Gaul across the Mont Genèvre possible.

As soon as Augustus had restored normal conditions, after the defeat and death of Marc Antony, and had become sole master of the Roman world, he planned to put an end to this intolerable condition, and at the same time to create a base for the conquest of Germany and the Danubian lands, so as to make of the River Danube the northern boundary of the empire, a plan which he was soon to entrust to the generals of his family, Drusus and Tiberius. For this he needed to control all the Alpine passes; and it is the details of this scheme, and the monuments that still record it, that I have been studying at Turin and all along the line. How successful it finally was, after years of minute, inglorious, and wearing strategy, far more difficult than that of the Boer war, is commemorated in the famous Augustan Trophy, which the French are finally laying bare at the present moment, at La Turbie, near Nice. This towering pile, overlooking the main Roman causeway which leads along the Riviera to Gaul and Spain, gives the names of forty-six Alpine tribes, from Mediterranean to Adriatic, whom Augustus had conquered. It was built in 7-6 B. C., after the last insurrection had been quenched.

I believe that the general plan of Augustus, which was carried out mainly during the fourteen years between 28 and 15 B. C., was to establish separate groups of two fortified cities in connection with each of the main Alpine passes: a smaller city at the head of the narrow valley that led to the pass on the Italian side; and a larger city opposite the lower end of this valley, where it opened out into the great Italian plain. Not until 15 B. C. did the Augustan troops, under Drusus, begin to occupy the slopes and valleys beyond the passes. Setting aside for the moment the insignificant passages of the Maritime Alps, the first great passes as one moves from west to east along the Alpine range are those over the Mt. Genèvre and the Mt. Cenis. Toward them a single road ascends from the Italian plain along the narrow valley through which the Dora Riparia flows until it reaches the site of Susa. At this point it forks: the left road passes over the Mt. Genèvre through what was the most important of the passes in Republican times, while the right road traverses the Mt. Cenis. As Susa commanded both, it was very strongly fortified, and was called Italiæ Claustrum. Politically speaking, its condition was anomalous, and was expressed by what I shall call the Colony Arch of Susa, though Susa was not a colony, but the chief city of a federation of tribes who were allowed considerable autonomy under Cottius, the son of Donnus, Cæsar's friend, who was at the same time king of these tribes, and their governor (prefect) on behalf of Rome. This federation, to which Roman municipal rights were conceded, was unique among the whole galaxy of Alpine tribes in its friendship for Rome, the only group not conquered by force of arms; and its recompense for willingness to enter into the Roman scheme was this recognition of autonomy, resembling, but somewhat more real than, the treatment by which the English perpetuated in India some of the native principalities. The scene enacted, when at a solemn sacrifice these tribes took the oath of fealty to Rome and Augustus, is represented on the frieze of the Arch of Susa, and its inscription enumerates the tribes that formed the confederacy. To their chieftain, Julius Cottius, the Emperor entrusted the building and policing of the great pass-roads, and the entire region was named, after him, the Cottian Alps.

Susa, therefore, was the Roman bulwark at the head of the valley. If we then pass down the old highway a distance of forty miles we reach the point where the Dora Riparia runs into the Po. Here, at the entrance of the great plain, we find the second unit in the duet, Turin, Colonia Julia Augusta Taurinorum, a great bulwark in case by any chance Susa should have been captured or boxed up; and also a base of supplies and military camp, colonized by veterans, from the legions disbanded when the close of the civil war made a reduction in the army necessary. The close relations between the two cities—Susa and Turin—at the beginning of their history, were proved very recently by the discovery in Turin of part of a large inscription from some public monument of the Augustan Turin, actually dedicated by Cottius himself, the prefect-king of the Cottian Alps. Turin itself, as usual, had not been created *ab ovo* by the Romans. Their colony was established at the point where an original station of the native Taurini had existed, for it was a self-indicated site, at the intersection of two rivers, on the great northern trade thoroughfare from east to west, between the two seas, and the national centre of the west section of the Po valley.

The plan of the Roman colony was almost exactly the "classic" norm of camp and city given by the well-known gnomatic writer Hyginus. He describes the ideal plan as 2,400 feet long and two-thirds of this (1,600 feet) wide. Any greater length, he said, endangered defensive operations, as signals and alarms could not be as distinctly heard. Turin fulfils exactly the length measurement and if its width was greater than the

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normal (2,220 feet in place of 1,600 feet), this was not important; it was only here that it surpassed Aosta in size. Apparently the city fluctuated but little in the course of imperial history, and we may conjecture that its time of greatest importance was under its founder, Augustus, and before the surge of the Roman advance had passed permanently northward. Together with Susa it guarded the main commercial road to Arles (Arelate) and the rest of the *Provincia* of Southern Gaul (Provence).

This was but the westernmost unit in the scheme of Augustus for defensive and offensive operations in the north. The next, both geographically and historically, is the group Aosta (Augusta Prætoria)—Ivrea (Eporedia). A. L. FROTHINGHAM.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the *Nation* of last week there was a letter from William E. A. Axon, describing a copy of Henry Ainsworth's "Arrow against Idolatry," with its anomalous imprint, "Nova Belgia, Printed 1640." Mr. Axon was able to trace two copies only, his own and one in the British Museum, and hazarded the suggestion that the book might have been printed in New York, the name Nova Belgia (or more commonly Novum Belgicum) having been frequently applied to the Colony of New Netherlands by contemporary geographers. A third copy of the book is before us, and, if the printing of any book in English in New Amsterdam in 1640 were a possible supposition, the superiority of the typography to that of the early productions of the Massachusetts or New York presses would be evidence enough to disprove it. Watt in his "Bibliotheca Britannica" gives the "Arrow against Idolators" in his list of Ainsworth's writings, but gives the place and date as "London, 1640," where, as a matter of fact, the book was probably printed. To put "Printed at Amsterdam" on the title-page of a book was a not uncommon custom where author or printer for one or another reason wished to hide the actual place of publication of any book. Following this ancient custom the title-page of "An Object of Pity," that amusing skit by R. L. Stevenson and his friends, bears the words "Printed at Amsterdam," though the book was actually printed in Sydney, New South Wales. Ainsworth died in 1622, and whoever published this "Arrow against Idolatry," not caring to give the actual place of printing and having reasons perhaps for not naming Amsterdam (Ainsworth having resided there for many years) took instead that distant colony Novum Belgicum.

The Grolier Club Year Book for 1907 has just been distributed to members. A list of books and articles in magazines, etc., relating to bookbinding, and which are to be found in the club library, fills, with its index, nearly seventy pages, and is a welcome addition to the reports, list of members, etc., usually found in such year books.

On June 3, afternoon and evening, the Anderson Auction Company sells an interesting collection of books. Most notable, perhaps, is a series of works on Mexico and Peru, including: Boturini's "Idea de una nueva Historia General de la America Septentrional," 1746; Gomara's "Historia de Mexico," 1554; Sahagun's "Historia General de las Cosas de Nueva España," 1829-30; Villa-Senor's "Theatro Americano," 1746-48; Garcilaso de la Vega's "Commentarios Reales," 1722; Torres-Rubio's "Arte y Vocabulario de la Lengua Quichua," 1754; Juan y Illoa's "Viage a la America Meridional," 1748, large paper copy, etc.

On the same day the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company sells a private collection of book-plates, 462 lots, about one-half being American. On June 4 they sell a collection, including miscellaneous Americana, books on John Brown, Harper's Ferry, and Kansas; Confederate imprints; books relating to the American Indians; a few first editions of Bliss Carman, Andrew Lang, N. P. Willis, etc. On June 6 they sell the autograph collection of William R. Weeks of Newark, N. J., 313 lots, mostly American, and including a large number of documents of unusual importance and interest. An original survey by Washington of a plot of land in Frederick County, Virginia, dated April 21, 1750; a petition addressed to Washington, signed by thirty officers at West Point, dated June 21, 1784; several fine letters of John Quincy Adams; four A. L. S. of Benedict Arnold, one dated from Ticonderoga, July 6, 1775. There are also letters of Longfellow, Kipling, Mark Twain, and many others.

Correspondence.

THE AMERICAN FISHERY QUESTION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is somewhat singular that a small colony like Newfoundland should be associated with some of the most important judgments of the Privy Council on colonial law. The decision of Baron Parke in the great case of Kielly vs. Carson, settled forever the status of colonial and statutable parliaments, their rights, privileges, and limitations. Baird vs. Walker defined the operation of a *modus vivendi*.—that it was not an "act of state" and did not control the common law rights of a subject. The present decision of the Newfoundland Supreme Court in the case of the two fishermen who were convicted before the magistrate in Bay of Islands for selling herrings to an American schooner contrary to the provisions of the local law known as the "Bait Act," goes one step further than Baird vs. Walker, and decides that a *modus vivendi* does not operate over a colonial statute that has received the Royal assent and become law.

The judgments of both the chief justice and his assistant, so far as made public, do not distinctly grapple with the *modus vivendi*. It is only by implication that their decision really amounts to a clear judgment that the *modus vivendi* has no effect over the local statute. The defendants contended, first, that they formed part of the crew of the American schooner, and a commission was issued to take evidence in Boston as to their regular engagement as seamen according to the laws of the United States. It turned out that the only formality was that the mate took down the names of the Newfoundland fishermen whom he engaged to catch herrings for him. So according to American law they did not form part of the vessel's crew, not being legally shipped. The Convention of Ghent gave the fishing privileges to "inhabitants of the United States." No one could transmogrify these Newfoundland fishermen into such inhabitants. The *modus vivendi* provided "that the shipment of Newfoundlanders by American fishermen outside the three-mile limit is not made the basis of international interference, or to be penalized."

In reading this arrangement we are struck with the arrogance and ignorance of its framers. In Star Chamber fashion two officials by a stroke of the pen calmly proceed to destroy the sovereign rights of a colony, and to declare that its laws shall be a dead letter. A rudimentary knowledge of law would show them that the fishermen engaged outside the three-mile limit would be amenable to the local laws as soon as they returned to port and came under the colonial jurisdiction.

The important part of the Supreme Court judgment is the decision that the engagement of these Newfoundlanders by an American is wholly void and illegal, being contrary to the express words of the act of 1905, which forbids the local fishermen to engage or serve aboard American vessels in the herring fishery at Bay of Islands. The judgment goes on to declare that the selling and putting aboard of herrings by the defendants was a breach of the local law known as the "Bait Act"; that they were rightly convicted by the magistrate, and his judgment is sustained.

The grave character of this judicial pronouncement is obvious. In effect it declares that the provision in the *modus vivendi* to ship the local fishermen outside the three miles is a subterfuge, a fraud, and a clear violation of law, utterly void and of no effect. The English public have a sensible dread of anything immoral, but they have a holy horror of illegality. The whole proceeding is, to use Talleyrand's immortal phrase, worse than a crime, it is a blunder, and an exceptionally stupid blunder. Winston Churchill declared that if the *modus vivendi* had not been agreed to, we were exposed to great international danger. Our good relations with America would be most seriously endangered. The consummate audacity of this assertion is simply splendid mendacity. The whole object of the arrangement was to serve Lodge's smugglers to get cheap labor from the natives, and thus enable them to make a big profit on their smuggled herrings, caught by Newfoundlanders, paid for in American gold, but passed through the United States custom house *"as the sole product of American industry."*

What confidence the bold Churchill must have had in the supreme ignorance of his hearers when he dared to say that America would be angry, almost ready to declare war for the sake of Lodge's smugglers! Every one knows the contrary, that all intelligent sentiment in America is in favor of Newfoundland and free cheap fish.

There is one other point about the judgment—who is going to pay the costs? Is the Gloucester Ring or the American Government supporting the defendants' case? No expense is spared, and the appeal to the English Privy Council will cost some thousands of dollars. Who is going to pay the piper?

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The terms of the *modus vivendi* seem intended for an undertaking and guarantee that Americans shipping natives are not to suffer, "nor to be penalized." Here is a case in which the men so shipping are penalized. No one seems to know who is finding the money for the defence. It is, however, generally believed here that it is furnished from the American Treasury, and in that case, England will, under the terms of the *modus vivendi*, be bound to reimburse Washington. How pleased John Bull and the British taxpayer will be to pay up for Bannerman blunders and Lord Elgin's illegalities!

My readers will naturally ask the question, What is a *modus vivendi*? It is an arrangement unknown to the law. It is not an act of state; it is not an act of Parliament, nor is it a treaty. It is wanting in all the formalities and essentials of these agreements. It is simply a diplomatic arrangement; a temporary provision, binding in honor on both parties, but without any legal effect. I feel convinced that Sir Mortimer Durand, the British ambassador, well versed in American politics, foresaw the effect of the diplomatic muddle, realized that it would embitter colonial feeling, and like a wise man hopped out of the embroglio.

D. W. Prowse.

St. John's, Newfoundland, May 10.

CRIMINAL LAW REFORM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your recent article entitled "Criminal Law Reform," you ask, "Are American lawyers going to do nothing to make such a reproach to American jurisprudence as the conduct of the Thaw trial hereafter impossible?" If I may venture an answer to this question, it will be "Yes; in all probability that is precisely what they are going to do; just nothing"—and this notwithstanding the crying need of a remedy. The reasons are various, but they may be effectually summed up in two words, viz., "Commercialism" and "Conservatism."

The commercialism which now pervades American society at large pervades also the legal profession and largely determines its character. American lawyers may be roughly divided into two classes, one of which is struggling for wealth and the other of which is struggling for existence; and each class is so absorbed as to have little time and no inclination for the cultivation of legal science or plans for social betterment.

From the very nature of its calling the legal profession is intensely conservative. Its primary function is to administer rather than to make the laws—to deal with the law as it is, rather than as it ought to be—leaving it to the law-maker to determine the latter. Moreover, it realizes more vividly than any other class that changes are always dangerous, because the entire framework of society is supported by an intricate network of laws which are so intimately interwoven that any radical change is likely to work harm rather than good. In all progressive countries the law must be constantly changing, because conditions are constantly changing. These changes would naturally be made by legislation, but in common-law countries like our own they are made for the most part indirectly by judicial decisions. Through long and devoted adherence to this method of adjusting laws to social needs we have strengthened and confirmed the habit of its use, and at the same time caused the legislative method to be neglected.

In view of these conditions it seems a safe prediction to say that American lawyers will not undertake the task which you mention, and it is doubtful whether they could accomplish much if they should undertake it. The particular evils which you desire to see reformed are intimately interwoven with our system of trial by jury. The underlying cause of what was most objectionable in the Thaw trial was the fact that within certain limitations the power of the jury is practically absolute and above the law. Although in theory and by their oaths bound to render a verdict according to law, the jury may, and not infrequently do, render verdicts according to their own feelings and in violation of law. The simple fact is that the right of trial by jury is not only the right of an innocent man to a fair and impartial trial by his peers, but also the right of a guilty man to a verdict of acquittal contrary to law if he can induce the "twelve good men and true" to grant him that favor. This may seem absurd, but it is nevertheless true.

The situation may be briefly summed up by saying that in some of its essential features our system of trial by jury has become an anachronism, and that the work of revising it to meet changed conditions without destroying it, is one of the most important and difficult problems that we now have to face. It requires the co-operation not only of lawyers, but of intelligent and public-spirited citizens of all classes. It is by no means so simple a matter as is assumed by the writer in the *Solicitors Journal* (London). He evidently considers that it is merely a matter of judicial discretion on the part of the trial judge, and asserts that "the weakest English judge" could have so conducted the Thaw trial as to eliminate all the objectionable features. Possibly a trial judge might do that with impunity in countries where there is no criminal appeal; but if he undertook to do it in this country he would be very likely to find himself presently retrying the case with some sharp reminder from the Appellate Court that his function is to administer the law as it is, and to refrain from assuming the rôle of law-maker for the particular case on trial.

Herbert L. Baker.

Detroit, May 14.

THE VOTE OF SENATOR ROSS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent death at Albuquerque, New Mexico, of ex-Senator Edmund G. Ross makes it appropriate to print the first note that Mr. Ross wrote to his wife after his vote for the acquittal of President Johnson. The note is in the possession of Mrs. George Leis of Lawrence, Kan., who is a daughter of Mr. Ross. Mrs. Leis allowed me to copy it some months ago, but only now consents to its publication. It is written upon a half sheet of Senate stationery, is dated "22d," meaning the 22d of May, 1868, and reads as follows:

Don't be discouraged, dear wife, it's all coming out right. This storm of passion will soon pass away and then the people, the whole people will thank and bless me for having saved the country by my single vote from the greatest peril through which it has ever passed, though none but God can ever know the struggle it has cost me. Millions of men are cursing me to-day, but they will bless me to-morrow. But few knew of the precipice upon which we all stood on Saturday morning last. Your aff. Hus.

I am accustomed to think of Senator Ross's vote in the Johnson trial as the most heroic act in American history, incomparably more difficult than any deed of valor upon the field of battle. But why, it may be asked, was Ross's vote more heroic than that of the other six Republicans, who also voted for acquittal? There would seem to be some difference, chiefly for two reasons. The other men, especially Fessenden, Grimes, and Trumbull, had been longer in public life, were more accustomed to its storm and stress, and better able to withstand its pressure. Second and more important, the pressure brought to bear upon Mr. Ross was vastly greater than upon the other men. His constituency was the most radical of all, and it was believed to the last that he could be intimidated. He, therefore, cast his vote in the face of the greatest difficulties. No man was ever more foully abused, yet he bore personal abuse and retirement to private life alike with patience and without bitterness. If the people of Kansas wish to atone for the injury they did to Mr. Ross during his lifetime, they can scarcely do better than place his statue in the Capitol at Washington in the hall reserved for statues of notable men of the several States. Such a statue would commemorate an heroic act, a valiant soldier, and an honest man.

F. H. Hodder.

University of Kansas, May 13.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE "AGAMEMNON" PERFORMANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I shall be glad if I may use your columns to answer many inquiries in regard to photographs of the performance of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus in the Stadium last June. They may still be had by applying to Dr. C. N. Jackson, Beck Hall, Cambridge. Your readers will be glad to know that the music to the play, written by John Ellerton Lodge, has just been published by C. W. Thompson & Company of Boston.

W. F. Harris.

Cambridge, May 23.

PICTURES BY JOHN THOMSON OF DUDDINGTON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you permit me to make an appeal through your columns to any one resident in the United States fortunate enough to be in possession of pictures by John Thomson of Duddington, the Scottish landscape painter. I am compiling a catalogue of all the known works of the artist to form an appendix to a critical and biographical survey of his career, and would, therefore, feel very grateful for information in regard to works of his in America.

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Possessors of pictures communicating with me, might kindly do so without delay, giving a full description of each picture, with size and transcription of any writing on back of either canvas or frame, and any further particulars it may be in their power to give. R. W. NAPIER.

Edinburgh, 26 Bruntsfield Place, May 16.

Notes.

The Macmillan Company this week publishes the tenth volume of "The Cambridge Modern History." It is called "The Restoration," and is divided into twenty-four sections.

G. F. Abbott has finished his work on "Israel in Europe," and Macmillans expect to have it ready next month.

John Murray is to publish a selection from the letters and papers of Gladstone on matters ecclesiastical and theological. The editorial work together with the preparation of the explanatory narrative has been entrusted to D. C. Lathbury.

Funk & Wagnalls Company will issue a curious story called "Magda, Queen of Sheba," taken from the Ghese, the language of the Ethiopian priests. The English translation is by Mrs. John Van Vorst and is made from the French version of Hughes Le Roux. This strange history of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba and their son has never before been fully translated into any European language.

It is announced that the official memoir of Thomas Bailey Aldrich is to be prepared by Ferris Greenslet. The owners of letters from Mr. Aldrich, of general or characteristic interest, are requested to send them to Mr. Greenslet, at No. 4 Park Street, Boston.

A ninth edition, revised and enlarged, of Dr. S. D. McConnell's "History of the American Episcopal Church" has been issued by Thomas Whittaker.

A seasonable little book for the month of commencement exercises is Jennette E. C. Lincoln's "May-Pole Possibilities; with Dances and Drills for Modern Pastime" (American Gymnasia Co.).

The Oxford University Press publishes "A Handbook of the Ila Language," by Edwin W. Smith of the Baila Batonga Mission. Ila is the speech of the Baila, or Mashukulumbwe, who live in Northwest Rhodesia. The Baila themselves number about 25,000 only, but their language is used by several of the neighboring tribes.

A volume of *pages choisies* from the "Caractères" of La Bruyère has been added to the Dent-Putnam series of Classiques Français. The Preface is by Augustin Filon.

Alphonse Lemerre issues the fifth volume of Mme. Adam's "Mémoires," called "Mes angoisses et nos luttes, 1871-1873." Hachette publishes a complete edition of Alfred de Musset in ten volumes with notes by Edmond Biré, and the fourth and last volume of "H. Taine, sa vie et sa correspondance, 1876-1893." Sansot will soon have ready Alphonse Séché's "Alfred de Musset anecdotique."

An interesting pamphlet has been issued by the New Bedford Public Library, relating to its collection of books, pamphlets, log-books, prints, and other articles illustrating the whale fishery. The position of New Bedford in respect to this old industry is unique, and this attempt to bring together what material can be collected descriptive of a dying industry, is worthy of praise. In the fine building of the Historical Society, in that city, there are numerous excellent specimens of boats and implements once used, and in connection with the library documents, these will afford an almost complete picture of one important phase of the old days. Among the documents is a quaint woodcut from the early eighteenth century, showing Jonah just thrown upon a rocky shore, the whale lingering near, in manifest curiosity. Books and pamphlets relating to the subject are classified as those dealing with the whale alone, "whale fishery," "incidental references to whaling," "articles in periodical literature," "whaling fiction," and "log-books." Mr. George H. Tripp, librarian, writes that "the library is desirous of obtaining, by gift or purchase, any additional material pertaining to the subject of whale fishing."

Another magazine for the few, *Orkney and Shetland Old-law*, has now reached a second number. It is put out by the Viking Club, founded in 1892 for the study of the antiquities and literature of the North. Each quarterly is to consist of (i) a miscellany of notes and queries on genealogies in Orkney and Shetland, their folklore, archæology, natural history, etc.; (ii) a diplomatarium, records relating to them, or else of special works., *i. e.*, translations, articles on place-names, reprints of rare tracts, legal documents, etc. Next to the Shetland Sasines, the most interesting items in the present volume are "The Authorship of the Orkneying Saga" (Yarla Sögur), by Yón Stefánsson, and a legend of Shetland from Fljótsdæla Saga, by W. G. Collingwood. Besides this magazine, which may be had for 10s. 6d. a year from Mr. A. Shaw Mellor (No. 14 Westbourne Street, Hyde Park, London, W.), the club publishes "The Saga Book," a yearly volume of proceedings, with contributions from scholars of all nations, a special series of translations, and a certain number of other works.

The Reale Deputazione di Storia Patria per le antiche Province e la Lombardia (Royal Society of National History for the original Provinces [Piedmont] and Lombardy), whose publications, "Historiæ Patriæ Monumenta," "Miscellanea di Storia Italiana," and "Biblioteca Storica Italiana," rank among the most scholarly collections edited by European historical societies, has initiated an additional series, Biblioteca di Storia Italiana Recente, 1800-1850 (Library of Modern Italian History). Until now the royal historical societies of the different parts of Italy, excepting that of Sicily, have occupied themselves almost exclusively with mediæval and classical studies, partly from fear that political passions and traditional family jealousies might disturb the serenity of historical criticism in the treatment of later events, but partly also from a failure to appreciate the importance of Italian history of the nineteenth century in the development of European nationalities and in the establishment of the principles of constitutional liberty. The first volume of the new publication consists of two studies of primary importance, "Aneddoti documentati sulla censura in Piemonte dalla restaurazione alla costituzione," by Antonio Manno, and "Alcuni episodi del risorgimento italiano illustrati con lettere e memorie inedite del Generale Marchese Carlo Emanuele Ferrero Della Marmora, Principe di Masserano," by Mario degli Alberti.

The censorship of the press is a subject upon which little research has hitherto been carried on, and one which is calculated to contribute vital and positive evidence upon the undeclared principles and inner sentiments of the fallen despotic governments. Manno's work, which covers the period of 1815-1848, is but a chapter of the comprehensive studies upon Piedmont, which he has been pursuing for a long period of years in the state archives of Turin as well as in the archives of many private families. He has brought together a mass of specific facts and episodes, arranged under various headings—political precautions, religious precautions, regard for foreign susceptibilities, favors, penalties, theatrical representations, newspapers, scientific congresses, etc.—forming in the aggregate a substantially complete record of the character of press restrictions in Piedmont during the period. Among the documents given in full are twenty-four unpublished letters of Vincent Gioberti, 1842-1847.

The work of Degli Alberti consists almost exclusively of letters and diaries of the general, who made the campaign of 1848 against Austria as major-general on the general staff of Carlo Alberto, and the brief campaign of 1849 against the same traditional enemy as his first aide-de-camp. The body of the work consists of one hundred and two letters of the general addressed to his wife, March 27-October 19, 1848, supplemented by extracts from his diaries added in foot-notes. The intimate character of the documents and the peculiar opportunities for observing events enjoyed by their author, lend unusual value to their reflection of the opinions and sentiments prevailing at Piedmontese headquarters during the campaign, and to their account of such events as the tragic episode at Palazzo Greppi in Milan, of which Della Marmora was an eye-witness. Appendixes contain letters and diaries relating to his mission to Spain, March-April, 1849, to obtain confirmation of Carlo Alberto's verbal abdication given at Novara; and to his mission to the same country, August-October, 1849, to accompany the remains of the dead king on their journey back to Piedmont. Several typographical errors of dates are to be noted in Degli Alberti's work.

The University Library of Tübingen has recently come into possession of a valuable collection of Armenian manuscripts and publications. The catalogue reports in full on 110 manuscripts. The most important number is doubtless a New Testament parchment containing the gospels, which is a good copy of a manuscript dating back to 839 A. D. So rich are these documents in miniatures and other ornamental features that a special atlas of them is being prepared, reproducing on six sheets twenty-four specimens.

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The religious communities among the early German settlers in America have received scant notice by historians of American religious life. That these humble folk were not without influence, and contributed not a little to the worth of our national character, is shown by Lucy Forney Bittinger in her "German Religious Life in Colonial Times" (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.). The author has made extensive use of local histories and obscure publications, and has brought the life of these small sects and communities into relation with larger movements both in Germany and America. Her work shows much care and pains, and full sympathy with its subject.

The celebration in Germany of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Paul Gerhardt (born in Grafenhainichen, Saxony, March 12, 1607) has called forth a large number of publications on the life and work of the great Lutheran hymn writer. Festival orations characterized by exaggerated praise, and sketches for popular celebrations, with music and declamations, have appeared in quantity, but serious critical studies of Gerhardt's work are not wanting. Perhaps the best is the essay of Paul Wernle, the Basel theologian ("Paulus Gerhardt." Tübingen: Mohr). Wernle is at pains to exhibit the background of Gerhardt's life in the fierce theological contests between the Lutherans and the Calvinists, and his estimate of the poet shows a fine sense for the merits as well as for the limitations of his religious poetry. Another historian of ability who has turned his attention to Gerhardt is Hermann Petrich, whose "Gerhardt-Buch" (Güterslow: Bertelsmann) reveals æsthetic appreciation as well as historical thoroughness. An address by Prof. Gustav Kawerau of Breslau (Halle: R. Haupt) is also worthy of mention. Of special excellence is an illustrated edition of Gerhardt's 130 German poems, with drawings by Rudolf Schäfer (Hamburg: Gustav Schloessmann). Gerhardt as a theologian was narrow and uninteresting, but Christianity as the religion of sorrow has seldom found more beautiful expression than in his "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," and the faith of the pious soul has scarcely had fuller revelation than in the hymns "Befiehl du deine Wege," "Gieb dich zufrieden," and "Ist Gott für mich, so trete."

"French Romanticism and the Press," by T. R. Davies (Cambridge University Press), discusses one of the manifold factors in the determination of the famous literary epoch. The inquiry is here narrowed down to the rôle attributable to *Le Globe* (1824-1832), which, by encouraging critical independence in its contributors, contrasted with the usual policy of a settled platform and a programme of literary dogmas. Sainte-Beuve, it is true, judged *Le Globe* differently. Mr. Davies's contention proceeds with an initial sketch of the history of the Romantic Tendency (not altogether free from question-begging), and elaborates his thesis with extracts from the newspaper which illustrate its diversities of judgment on contemporary poetry, criticism, fiction, etc. This method leads to occasional confusion, for the critic at times omits to emphasize the distinction between the newspaper's opinion and his own. As a collection of judgments the book is interesting and serviceable; but we fail to see exactly what weight of authority these views really exercised, for want of ample reference to *Le Globe's* circulation and influence.

Prof. Georg Jacob of Erlangen has added two new parts (6 and 7) to his "Türkische Bibliothek" (Berlin: Mayer & Müller), which are of high value for modern Turkish life. In one of them another "Month" is given from Mehmed Tevfiq's "Year in Constantinople," containing a short novel, mostly in dialogue, describing how two cousins who had known one another from infancy and who, for family reasons, had to marry one another, were dexterously brought to fall in love. It is a quite luminous little story of Turkish family life and affection of the old-fashioned kind. The other part gives three character sketches by Ahmed Hikmet of a much more modern type. He is plainly under Western influence, but uses simple Turkish motifs, reaching fundamental emotions. His old mother of three soldiers, all dead for the Faith, another younger mother with her one ailing child, a young wife, waiting in the strain of the fasting month for her husband's return after three years' absence, all stand out in most natural, simple pathos. The life in them is plainly Turkish and yet plainly modern.

In "Les Arabes en Syrie avant l'Islam" (Paris: Leroux), René Dussaud occupies himself principally with the semi-nomad people who left behind them what are known as the Safaite inscriptions, a group of graffiti in the Safā, a volcanic plain southeast of Damascus. With their manner of life, their dialect, pantheon, and final assimilation to the Syrian population he illustrates the way in which from time immemorial Arabia has disposed of her surplus inhabitants. They give occasion also, to discuss the architectural remains on the the Arabian-Syrian frontier and to find in them strong Persian influence, showing how the Arab kings of Hira had extended their rule and their type of art to the east of the Dead Sea, and had been recognized there by the Roman Empire as kings of all the Arabs. The Safaite alphabet also gives occasion to discuss the history of the alphabet in the broad and more particularly the relationship of the Sabæan-Minean characters to the Phœnician and the archaic Greek. M. Dussaud regards as almost certain the Greek origin of the South Arabian script and as most probable the Ægean origin of the alphabet in general. His view, however, is obviously biassed by his attitude towards the Minean question, which he begs by saying that if the Minean antiquity be conceded, they must have used the alphabet before it was invented (p. 74). But his book all over is most interesting and instructive, written with a light and artistic touch.

Prof. Pierre Arminjon of the Khedival Law School at Cairo has written a unique and most valuable book in his "L'Enseignement, la doctrine et la vie dans les universités musulmanes d'Égypte" (Paris: Felix Alcan). Few even professed Arabists have hitherto had any knowledge, either historical or practical, of the Muslim university system, and none has written upon it more than a few scattered notes. The present book, therefore, will be found full of information even by the professional student of Islam, while to the student of pedagogy it will open up a new field of the broadest. Professor Arminjon's style and method can be unhesitatingly commended, and his range of information and reading, both Arabic and European, his practical experience of the present situation, and his scholarship—in spite of some strange transliterations requiring divination in their re-renderer into Arabic—make him evidently a safe guide. He divides his material under six heads. First, the origin and vicissitudes of the Egyptian universities, especially the Azhar, which has now annexed all the others, down to the recent partial reform. Secondly, a very picturesque and full description of the Azhar and its extra-mural dependencies in the Delta. *Thirdly, a similar description of the organization and life of the students, closing with two attractive little biographies, one of a student still there and the other of a blind professor. Fourthly, as Muslim learning has always been doctrine, a history of the development of that doctrine—legal, dogmatic, metaphysical, mystical—and of its relations to the schools is necessary and is given. This is the only really second-hand part of Professor Arminjon's treatment; Muslim theology and metaphysics are plainly not his ground. Yet he has seized and stated excellently the rôle of the schools in elaborating and fixing the still existent system. How a finished and changeless body of theological doctrine was reached, and philosophy became its scholastic handmaid, is made very clear. Fifthly, a statement of the actual programme and material of instruction: (i) what are reckoned as instrumental sciences—grammar, etymology, rhetoric, logic; and (ii) the final sciences, for which the others exist—dogmatics, religious ethics, canon law and its sources, exegesis of the Koran, prophetic traditions. Sixthly, the methods of teaching and learning, and the results of it all. Here the best is made of a pretty bad situation. But for all that, we are forced to feel the brave simplicity and iron diligence and earnestness that animate the whole. Some very useless things and a great deal of very fine character but absolutely no literature are cultivated on a very little oatmeal. On that point there are few teachers or students in this country but might profitably go to school at the Azhar, or at least read Professor Arminjon's book.

Mr. Ernest Gaskell has been at no small pains to make his "Oxfordshire Worthies" as comprehensive as possible. It includes biographies not only of the representatives of the great families of the district, the Churchills, the Fiennes, the Villiers, etc., and of the chief political leaders, but also of university dignitaries such as Doctor Edward Caird, and the Dean of Christ Church, and of civic and other notables belonging not only to Oxford, but to the neighboring divisions of Woodstock, Banbury, and Henley. The various notices are attractively written and will appeal to those who have a liking for British institutions, though some may be tempted to smile at the author's respect for tradition and his whole-hearted belief in the English aristocracy. It is only just to say that for all his hankering after Conservatism and "the old paths of constitutional reform and progress," he deals with

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the Liberal leaders in a fair and impartial spirit. The book which contains numerous photographs has been published for private circulation (price three guineas), by the Greenhithe Printing Company, No. 10 Bread St. Hill, Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

Dr. Warren Washburn Florer of the University of Michigan, who some time ago prepared, with Ernst Wolf of St. Louis, a useful "Guide for the Study of Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea," has now completed a somewhat similar *Führer* for Goethe's "Egmont," (George Wahr, Ann Arbor). Dr. Florer is an enthusiastic advocate of the "direct method" of teaching German, and most of the book is made up of questions in German relating to specific scenes or to the story in general. There are also several pages of extracts in the original from Goethe's expressions concerning the drama, and a surprising amount of reflection and criticism they form. Simultaneously comes Dr. Florer's edition (Wahr) of Heyse's "L'Arrabbiata," made up after the direct method, and with a vocabulary having the nouns, strong and weak verbs, etc., separated.

It is probably true that honest volumes of sermons, by which we mean those that do not leave off the texts and pretend to be something else, are less in demand than formerly. Yet it were a pity if one could not run across, now and then, a book of gentle and persuasive homilies, like those of Dean Hodges of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge in "The Year of Grace," a collection of sermons appropriate to the chief Sundays and festivals of the Church year (Thomas Whittaker). The author has a sense for what is vital in piety, shows himself a keen observer of the tendencies of modern life, exhibits tact in the encouragement of spiritual living, and plies the lash on current foibles pleasantly, wisely, and to good effect.

Albert Harkness, professor emeritus of languages at Brown University, died on Monday, at Providence, R. I. He was born in Mendon, Mass., in 1822, was a graduate of Brown University, and soon after his graduation became a teacher in the Providence high school. Afterwards he studied in Germany, receiving the degree of Ph.D. at Bonn in 1845. On his return from Europe he was appointed professor of Greek language and literature at Brown University, and this connection remained unbroken until his death. Prof. Harkness was a founder of the American Philological Association, one of the organizers of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and a member of the Archæological Institute of America. He was the author of a large number of text-books which are extensively used. His first work—a new arrangement of "Arnold's First Latin Book"—was published in 1851, and since that time he had been constantly interested in the preparation of Latin texts and in studies referring to Latin grammar and composition.

A dispatch from Vienna announces the death of Dr. Emil Steinbach, first president of the Austrian Supreme Court and a member of the Upper House of the Reichsrath. He wrote on legal questions, and among his writings may be mentioned the following: "A Study of the Austrian Law," with special reference to sales, contracts, and the confirmation of criminal charges, 1877; "Rechtskentnisse des Publikums," 1878; "Grundsätze des heutigen Rechtes," 1888; "Der Staat und die moderne Privatmonopole," 1903.

MOLMENTI'S VENICE.

Venice: Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic. By Pompeo Molmenti; translated by Horatio F. Brown. Part I., The Middle Ages. 2 vols. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $5 net.

Signor Molmenti's history of Venice, as interpreted by the private life of the Venetians, appeared more than twenty-five years ago, was awarded a special prize by the Venetian Academy, took its place as an authority, and passed current in Europe in a French translation. It is remarkable, and hardly creditable, that so excellent a work should have waited so long for an English version; and yet the delay has brought its compensations, for during all this time Signor Molmenti has been adding to his knowledge of his subject, and to his book, which he has at last issued enriched in every way and trebled in bulk. Since 1880 much has been done in ransacking the details of Venetian history, so that Signor Molmenti is able to present the latest, and in many cases the definitive, statement. Moreover, the invention and perfecting of process engraving have made it possible for the publishers of this work to illustrate it profusely, at a cost which would not have been dreamed of earlier. And, though last, not least, Horatio Brown, himself *facile princeps* among living British knowers, lovers, and historians of Venice, has been secured to put Signor Molmenti's exuberant Italian into sound English prose.

There has been a marked increase in the attention paid of late to Venetian history, as is shown by the publication in recent years of several books on the subject. First came Horatio Brown's larger work in 1893. It is an excellent specimen of historical articulation: Mr. Brown takes every event and fits it into those which precede and follow, as the skilled anatomist sets up a skeleton, knuckle to knuckle, bone to bone. You feel, perhaps, that there is too much rigidity, and sometimes you would prefer fewer facts and more ideas, but, on the whole, you recognize Mr. Brown's trustworthiness and comprehensiveness. The little summary which he brought out a few years ago in the series of Temple Primers is a model of condensation, and, in spite of its brevity, it glows more than his larger history. Next came William C. Hazlitt's two massive volumes, which contain a vast amount of information—they constitute, indeed, a sort of encyclopædia of things Venetian—but are rather too ponderous in style, especially in the narrative portion. "The Oligarchy of Venice," which George B. McClellan, now mayor of New York, produced three years ago, would make a creditable college thesis, but it hardly has enduring value. Mr. McClellan seems to have chosen his subject in order to preach a sermon applicable to contemporary American politics, and he has no difficulty in finding that Venice offers an object lesson against Imperialism and that her oligarchy and the American political ring are at least first cousins. William R. Thayer, in his "Short History of Venice," emphasizes the wisdom of the oligarchy, the unrivalled political, social, and commercial adjustment of the Republic to its unique conditions, and he shows its relation from century to century to the great currents of Christian and Oriental development. Marion Crawford's "Salve Venetia," on the contrary, has little historic continuity, and less recognition of the interaction between Venice and the East and West, but abounds, as might be expected, in romantic material, in legends, picturesque historic episodes, and descriptions of manners and customs, written in Mr. Crawford's facile and popular manner. T. S. Okey's volume in the Mediæval Towns series hardly deserves serious consideration on the historic side, it being too evidently the product of a hasty compiler, who has in mind the needs of the hurried tourist. Perhaps Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Venice" ought also to be included in this list, but this book belongs, like Mr. Crawford's work, to romance rather than to history, and perpetuates so many false views and half-truths that one hesitates to recommend the volume to any reader who is not already well-grounded in the subject.

Signor Molmenti's "Venice," which is to be complete in six volumes, differs in purpose from all of these: for it treats the narration of events as of secondary importance, and magnifies the civilization. The very titles of the chapters indicate the general plan: "The Aspect and Form of the City," "The Constitution," "The Laws," "Commerce and Navigation," "Finance," "The Nobles and the Citizens"; these prepare one for a topical treatment, from which the historic sequence may, or may not, be inferred. Since Signor Molmenti deals with each topic so as to show its evolution, he leaves on one the impression of a serious historian, well trained in the scientific method. But he has what many who attempt works of this kind lack—charm, the gift of presenting a great body of material so that it not only conveys information, but gives pleasure. Take up any of his chapters, and you will read it through, notes and all, as you read the best of Horatio Brown's own essays in "Life on the Lagoons."

Of Signor Molmenti's conclusions on the disputed points in Venetian history we may take occasion to speak when we notice the succeeding volumes; for the present it must suffice us to say that his attitude is almost uniformly safe. A Venetian to the core, he does not imitate earlier native historians in claiming too much, especially during the formative centuries. Nor is he too positive in matters where there is very scanty evidence—a fault which we have observed in callow students of the subject. He has amassed in this first section the elements of Venetian civilization from the fifth century to the thirteenth, much as Burckhardt has done for the Italian Renaissance. Few concrete details have escaped him, but we note the absence of *dramatis personæ* in the drama. Probably the succeeding volumes, covering a period when salient personalities were numerous, may supply this lack. For after all, although Venice has been accused of swamping the individual, no one can read her story deeply without perceiving the deter-

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mining influence which strong individuals, from Orseolo the Great to Morosini the Peloponnesian, exerted on her development.

More than passing notice should be made of the illustrations of this work. They are chosen wisely to illustrate every part of the text: here are views of buildings, maps, facsimiles of drawings, half-tones of paintings and sculptures, reproductions of illuminations, even pictures of playing cards. Mr. Brown gives a very readable paraphrase—not a literal translation of the Italian—as to which our only suggestion is that he should have translated the Italian and Latin phrases. A selection of original documents adds scholarly ballast, and reveals what sort of stiff material Signor Molmenti burrowed in before he wrote his flowing pages. His work should appeal with equal force to the general reader and to the specialist.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

Amerikanische Eindrücke. Von Ludwig Fulda. Pp. 216. New York: G. Stechert & Co.

Two books on America have recently appeared in German: "Americana," by Karl Lamprecht, the distinguished jurist of the University of Leipzig (noticed in the *Nation* for August 2, 1906), and this unpretentious volume by Ludwig Fulda, the poet and novelist. This is an outgrowth of his tour last year while guest of the Germanistischen Gesellschaft von Amerika, when he delivered thirty-four lectures in twenty-four cities. The first bristles with savage thrusts at real or imaginary targets from one who quarrelled with the artistic finish of our coinage while en route to the New World, and who crawled out of bed *verkehrt* in the Western metropolis; the second is the sympathetic review of a witty and equally sharp-eyed critic, upon whom the friendly sun shone on the first day of his arrival in New York, and continued to shine, with rare exceptions, until his reluctant departure for Europe. Fulda came to America with a free and receptive mind, and yielded himself completely to whatever impressions his environment should make. We find him startled at seeing cab, passengers, and supposed ferry-house float off from New Jersey toward Manhattan, electrified when soaring aloft in an express elevator, lost in dreams amid the ribboned femininity of Vassar's lawn, touched to the heart by both American and German hospitality, and, like Dickens, dazed at the unlimited line of cuspidors in the State House of Ohio—"enough for a whole German province." All in all, Fulda condemns and compares little, while praising much; and where he does take issue, his criticism attracts, rather than repels. Without pretending to offer a thorough study of American institutions, or aiding us as Lamprecht did, perhaps, to see ourselves as we really are, Fulda has probably given us the most agreeable book on America written by a German for years.

Fulda finds New York surrounded by the mightiest local commerce of any city in the world, favored by natural beauty by day and *eine Abendschönheit* at night: "the spectacle that the Berliner gazes at with wonder on the Emperor's birthday, the New Yorker enjoys evening after evening." Her architectural attractions are less, and yet in the perspective of the Flatiron and other sky-scrapers, there are pleasing elements. These *Wolkenkratzer* appear in silhouette like blunt molars on the lower jaw of a leviathan, forming "a world by themselves," and "one could believe that giants had built here a city for giants." As to American cities in general, he questions whether it be true, as maintained, that when the traveller has seen one, he has seen all. There are common characteristics—more so than in Europe; but in area alone American cities exceed Old World towns. Business centres may be unattractive, city streets unclean, and park roads muddy; but each man aims to own a house for himself—a movement, Fulda might have added, that is under way in Germany; residence districts grow more and more beautiful, and such abuses as the monopoly of the water front at Chicago by the railways, toward which Lamprecht sent a fiery dart, will not always continue.

The best of American railroad cars are indubitably better than the best German cars; but the average car is not equal to the German second-class coupé, and only superior to the third class because of upholstery; the American sleeping-car, too, divided only by curtains, is inferior to the individual room of the German coach, now being introduced here. With Lamprecht, Fulda praises the magnificence of American hotels, wondering not a little at the telephone on the very dining-table; but he is miserable without his German *Nachttisch*, is perplexed without a bath thermometer, and stumbles about in the dark, reaching for the electric button, ten feet from the bed! Meals are disturbed by restaurant music—a wretched provision imported from Europe—rest and sleep made impossible by the overheating of cars and rooms. There is no rival in the New World to the German *Hausknecht;* hence if one puts one's boots out at night, it is only to offer them to a thief, or to find them the next morning *ungeputzt.* While Lamprecht bewails the lack of a perfunctory *Wirt* to say "Good-bye!" or ask about the weather, Fulda is glad to escape that senseless relic, and with it—in the West, at least—the necessity of giving fees.

That which most exceeds all expectations of the author, however, is the extent of popular education in America, and our systems of public and higher instruction. Every one here is hungry to learn, reading is more general than in any other country, and libraries surpass in number and practical organization, as well as sometimes in magnificent buildings, anything known abroad. "Every American, from millionaire to shoeblack, and from professor to schoolboy, is a fanatical newspaper reader," because of and notwithstanding the "horrible headlines." This fact may account for the importunate artists and women reporters, who more than once insisted on interviewing him at his morning toilet, "in the name of the newspaper, of course"; and for the piracy of foreign literature, calling for revision of the American copyright laws. Fulda observes with natural satisfaction the wide study of German by Americans. He attends classes and chapel, lectures and dines at colleges for women, and is delighted with the opportunity afforded the girls in America for advanced study, regarding their way of living and preparing for the duties of life superior to that of the average young woman in Germany dancing away her existence. He is inclined to believe that Schiller's exhortation, *Ehret die Frauen!* is observed by Germans rather in theory than in practice, more in words than in deeds. He prefers coeducation to the habit abroad of separating the sexes so long, praises the free relations between American professors and their students, and has a good word generally for student life among our young men, with their concerts and student plays. He feels a satisfaction in the absence of scarred and bloated faces, and holds that even the excesses of athletics are better than the duel and the *Mensur.* He finds no genuine American art, notwithstanding a popular artistic feeling, museums, and academies; and he thinks that individual, creative art is wanting because the American, alive to decorate his house, has not yet learned to adorn his life with art. Hard work, elaborate stage settings, and the fairest array of feminine beauty on any stage, characterize the American theatre; and yet the American has not perceived how great a force for good the theatre in right hands may become, and no American philanthropist has endowed the stage. In condemning the oft-repeated performance of the same play, Fulda errs in saying that Jefferson played the one rôle all his life.

Among the most interesting chapters in the volume is that entitled "Das Amerikanische Deutschtum," doubly interesting because Fulda comes to conclusions at direct variance with those of Lamprecht. He is astonished at the size and splendor of German clubhouses in New York, Chicago, and Indianapolis, outrivalling anything of the kind in Berlin or Vienna; he finds his fellow-countrymen patriotic, little desiring to establish a state within a state, and rich and poor alike preferring to stay here, labor and build, though suffering from constant *Heimweh!* Referring to Lamprecht's reproach that the German-Americans had never accomplished anything in public life, he attributes this fact largely to the power of sentiment, which induces the German to hold on to his mother-tongue, with the result that he is unable to master English oratory, demanded on the stump and in public life. Like Lamprecht, Fulda had the good fortune to meet Carl Schurz shortly before the statesman's death, and of him he says that he was the middle-point in a line drawn from Schiller to Bismarck; and that he was the greatest loss to the national stock of virility that followed the upheaval in 1848. Fulda's sense of humor is shown in his observation of the "broken German" of his fellow-countrymen; and his wit is evident in his narrative of visits to the Heine statue on the forlorn wastes of upper New York (to find which he spent a whole morning in an automobile), and to the statue of Frederick the Great, far on the outskirts of Washington, *wo die Füchse sich gute Nacht sagen!* In this isolation of the gift of the German Emperor, Fulda sees the natural disposition of the republican American to sidetrack the memorial of a monarch, no matter how great a man he may have been; but he asks, "Would a statue of Washington or Lincoln, sent to Berlin, fare better in its aspiration for a place in front of the royal palace or in the Siegesallee?"

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More than once Fulda presents his conviction that America has still much to learn from Europe, according to the law that the young shall learn from the old; but his judgment is displayed in the single sentence: *Wehe dem Alter, das nicht auch von der Jugend lernen will.*

CURRENT FICTION.

The Veiled Lady and Other Men and Women. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The "staid old painter," as the author delights to call himself, is once more to the fore with a collection of stories whereof each one is the report of something he has either seen or heard. He brings constant assurance that our planet is full of everyday heroisms, that it is a place of kindliness and warmth, as well as of beauty and color. It is not the beautiful Veiled Lady who is his real achievement, but the conglomerate little dragoman who carries in his pocket enough of the small change of heroism to be a stanch friend in need. Courage, resource, and self-sacrifice are as common as humanity, and yet never lose their distinction any more than the least of human souls its individuality. "Captain Joe and the Susie Ann" is a perfect example of Hopkinson Smith's art in this phase of his sympathies. And another is "Against Orders," which contains a dog, and a choke for the reader. But derring-do is by no means the volume's only theme, nor even a deed with a coda of mischief. Sometimes it unfolds a bit of humor, like "The Coat of Red Lead," which is self-evidently an absolute portrait of the tropical revolutionist, his ways and means, and his convenient genius for turning swords into corkscrews. In "Sam Joplin's Epigastric Nerve" there seems to be a rift in the camaraderie we confidently expect, which in "Muggles's Supreme Moment" widens to the point of making the music temporarily mute. But in the whole group there is not one which does not show the wonted quick, even flow, the animation, the holding quality. And as ever, the end of the story comes with a decisive click, like a key in a lock, its note often merry, usually surprising, always musical.

The World's Warrant. By Norah Davis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Miss Davis merits notice chiefly from her treating the South as a live country, inhabited by contemporary human beings, and not by a set of conventional lay figures left over from the tragedy of a past generation. True, she deals with Alabama and the new commercial South, and not with the retrospective society of Virginia and the Carolinas. A party of capitalists are booming a small Southwestern town. They bring their womenkind and everybody wears best clothes all the time. The negro question is entirely untouched, and the only reference to "Befo' the Wah" is rather satirical than serious. All this is full of promise, but then Miss Davis's first novel, "The Northerners," was also full of promise. She has imagination almost to excess, the kind of imagination which devises alarmingly intricate plots woven of courtship by letter, lost heirs, misleading pseudonyms, "deals," and mistaken identities. In the fine imagination which depends less upon vitality and the shock of event than upon a sense of probability she is entirely lacking. Nevertheless, in a certain swing and movement, a willingness to look out of her own eyes, and not her grandmother's, she continues to give proof of an undeniable talent. The question raised by "The Northerners," however, has not been answered by "The World's Warrant." Has she the self-critical power to prune her exuberance, to eschew florid language, to repent of "gowning" her beautiful young ladies, to live upon a Lenten allowance of adjectives?

The Invaders. By Margaret L. Woods. New York: Harper & Bros.

An extremely ingenious story of a dual personality, Mrs. Woods does not make the blunder of dragging in a scientific justification for her plot; but in the clever management of the hypnotic changes between a dull, conscientious college girl and a brilliant siren of no conscience whatever, there is evidence that the author has studied her Charcot to some purpose. The mechanical adjustment of Milly Flaxman and Mildred, Lady Hamerton, is so smoothly managed as to obliterate all likeness to a fairy tale and leave room for a series of exceedingly curious situations. Also Mrs. Woods thoroughly understands that in modern life, to ring true, any case of dual personality must needs be a serious matter. The Menæchmi may be comic, but many of us felt "The Masqueraders" to be rather distressing, and the case of a normal young Englishman who finds his wife alternately a perfectly uninteresting, worthy soul and an untrustworthy enchantress, is not fundamentally amusing. Mrs. Woods, so far from belittling her theme, pushes it on to a tragic conclusion. The good, affectionate wife awakes one morning to find herself in a strange house with a strange lover. This situation is treated with a dignity and feeling which almost place it in the rank of serious realistic fiction—almost, because the fact of being based upon so unlikely a contingency, necessarily interferes with the illusion. Nevertheless the minor characters are so carefully drawn, the general air of probability so maintained that Mrs. Woods has at least succeeded in writing a sufficiently readable novel.

An American Girl in India. By Shelland Bradley. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The American girl seems to be as fixed a type in the British mind as the English lord is in the American; and we suppose the manners and mode of speech attributed by the cousinly delineator are equally accurate on both sides of the dividing flood. The fact that the present narrative is simply a long monologue on the part of the alleged American girl rather forces the quality of her lingo upon the attention. It is sufficiently composite if not representative. She reckons and guesses with equal aplomb, and has certain idioms of her own invention, such as "I don't catch right on to the people straight away," and "Say, though, I'm shying off the main point," not to speak of a touch here and there of untimely cockney. However, when one has mastered the jargon one finds her an amusing person in a mild way. Her vivacity, her pursuit of the joke, her "cheek," her physical charm, belong to a true though probably obsolescent American type. She goes to India chiefly to attend the "Great Durbar" at Delhi, and under the spell of that pageant fairly forgets to speak or think United States. That the Vicereine should be an American, is, to be sure, a rapturous consideration. . . . "That one of us of whom we are most proud, that one from our country in the West who has risen to a position far beyond that of any other of her daughters." Our heroine is herself of a rising disposition, and is not far from being a duchess when she withdraws herself from our view.

Short Cruises. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These cruises, largely by sailors, but of the land, or at the most, of the port, are in the author's familiarly amusing vein. His invention is varied, his humor, on his chosen lines of cartoon and caricature, boundless, and his mastery supreme of what in respectful homage we venture to term slanguage. The practical joke, the admonition by craft, the object lesson through wile have their perfect work in these pages. If the fun possibly makes especial appeal to masculine readers, feminine ones should observe that it is always the woman who gets the best of it.

Ivan Tourguénief: la vie et l'œuvre. By Émile Haumant. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.

The Polish Jew: His Economic and Social Value. By Beatrice C. Baskerville. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

The juxtaposition of the two volumes here named is justified by a closer connection than the mere common relationship to the Czar's empire. M. Haumant's main object, without slighting the personal side of his theme, has been to arrive at an understanding of the Russia of Turgenieff, and of the forces that have changed it into the Russia of the present day. Miss Baskerville's book more than suggests what one of these forces has been. The problem is largely psychological. It involves the apparent transformation of national character from a standard condition which the works of the great prose writer have made familiar to the outside world, to an enormously different condition which the works of a revolutionary people are now making violently manifest to the same puzzled outside audience. It is no exaggeration to say that Russian life, as the Western world knows it, or believes it knows it, to-day, is largely what Turgenieff has painted it in those masterly short tales and novels which are so emphatically studies in character and manners and little else.

The old Russia of to-day, in so far as it still exists, and undoubtedly the transformation of the national character is by no means complete as yet, still bears the stamp of inefficiency which marks the hero of Turgenieff as embodied in the Bazaroff of "Fathers and Sons," the Rudin in the novel of that name, and the Nezhdanoff of "Virgin Soil." Inefficient it is more correct to call them than failures, because, after all, a personality that lives out its time in accordance with the laws of its

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own nature can scarcely be called a failure; and certainly Turgenieff's heroes are true to themselves and their own weakness. As Turgenieff saw them, his countrymen, for the most part, fell into two classes, the Hamlets and the Don Quixotes: either they had no power of seizing on a definite aim and fighting their way to it successfully, or else they rushed with unwise abandon towards the single attainment of an object that was, from the practical point of view, not at all worth while. The strong man is made so by a certain narrowness of intellect or an intensity of passion that compels the acceptance of all means necessary for the attainment of a determined end. But in Turgenieff's novels the men are too broad of intellect not to be aware of other possible objects of ambition, and too little passionate to obey unscrupulously the behests of desire.

So insistently weak are the Turgenievian heroes, that suspicion of their fidelity to truth has not failed to arise. Some would have it that the author himself created the type of the weakling which he gave to Europe as the embodiment of his country. Others assert that he merely exaggerated. The former charge is scarcely tenable in that his favorite type of masculine character meets us everywhere in modern Russian literature, and is, in fact, designated by the name of a personage—Oblomoff—in the work of another writer. That Turgenieff exaggerated may be more easily maintained. The fact that his men and women are drawn from a comparatively narrow *milieu* tended to overemphasize their vices as well as their virtues. They are for the most part of noble though possibly obscure birth, of easy means, possessed of a more or less thorough acquaintance with the civilization of Europe, and, in the case of the men, of a university training. The men, in fact, are largely Turgenieff himself; at heart a pessimist, a poet, kindly, with no overplus of physical courage, with measured passions, a cleanly healthy nature that revolted at the insalubrious cynicisms of his friends among the French co-littérateurs, and that thorough indecision of character which, in spite of long years of chafing against exile and longing for home, left him to die in exile and away from home. And so, possibly because he looked too much within himself when he wrote, his heroes have a sameness which is creative of wrong values for Russia taken at large. There must have been strong men in Russia in Turgenieff's time, but they were not to be found in the class of occidentalized gentry, whom he preferred to deal with. Their emergence in our own time is just the great cause that has modified the average tone of the Russian character. Turgenieff foresaw them in his "Fathers and Sons" and "Virgin Soil," but these new men were not as close to his heart as the Hamlets and Quixotes of an earlier day.

If so many of the novelist's heroes are women in their volatile emotionalism, in their fear of hostile contact, and even in an exaggerated volubility, which leaves them no energy for action, his women, like the best-known type of Russian women of the present day, are men in their simplicity of speech and restraint of bearing, in their clear-eyed superiority to convention, in their efficiency, to sum up, by which is meant the power of decision to select a goal and the power of persistency in striving towards it. Why the novelist's women should have been so definitely superior in courage and strength to their brothers and husbands, is one the mysteries of race which, as Turgenieff declared, can never be fathomed. Possibly the position of the average woman of noble family as the mistress and director of numerous domestic servants and serfs, and at the same time as the subject of patriarchal power vested in the head of the household, may have combined to develop in her capacity for action with the power of restraint. Possibly by mere contrast with his invertebrate men, the author's women gain in firmness of character. Possibly it was because they were not overeducated in the philosophy of the West.

These were Turgenieff's men and women, and, by inference, this was the Russia of his day. How now has it come about that in revolutionary Russia of the present day, we find a decisiveness, almost a ruthlessness of action, a power of initiative, in other words, an efficiency, which thirty years ago would have seemed incomprehensible to a reader of Turgenieff? Have the men whom he knew changed, or have new men come to take their place? Both things have happened, though the former to a minor degree. The Russian intellectual has learned to wear his Western knowledge more easily. A university career no longer brings in its wake the old internal chaos. But more important has been the appearance of types that we do not often meet in Turgenieff. The novelist not only dealt by preference with the Russian gentry, but he dealt almost exclusively with the Great Russian nobleman. The other nationalities within the empire are, on the whole, represented in no favorable light. Now it is precisely these nationalities that are giving the tone to the Russia of the present time. It is the Great Russian, the *mujik* of the centre of the empire, that as yet needs to be awakened. The other peoples, Jews, Letts, Poles, and Caucasians, are the chief bearers of the present revolution.

It is well, then, to go to Turgenieff for a basic knowledge of Russian character; but it should be recognized how profoundly non-Russian traits have come to affect the manifestations of that character. Miss Baskerville's book brings out with exceptional force the rôle played by the Jews; and this may be said in spite of the writer's apparent bias against the race with which she deals, revealing itself frequently in actual violence of statement. The substantial truth is there, but it is truth without sympathy, and with much distortion. By itself the volume would be open to severe censure on the point; but as a study of the restless Hebrew energy that is so active in stirring Slav indifference and hesitation towards fruitful action, it serves its purpose.

The Appeal to Arms and *Outcome of the Civil War*. By James K. Hosmer. [The American Nation, vols. xx. and xxi.] New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net each.

Mr. Hosmer's volumes have substantial merits. For one thing, they are eminently readable, and any one who begins them will feel disposed to finish them. Thanks in part, no doubt, to the distinctive character of the period, there is little overlapping of previous volumes, though the ground covered by Admiral Chadwick in his "Causes of the Civil War" is necessarily a little trespassed upon. Maps are more numerous than in preceding volumes of this series, though battlefield plans are rare; while the bibliographical chapters form an elaborate exhibit of the literature, both documentary and narrative.

Military history, save for the initiated, is proverbially hard to write, the narrative, as a rule, being either unconsciously crowded with details whose significance only military experts can appreciate, or else so shorn of incident as to touch only upon the most important campaigns or the careers of the most noted leaders. Mr. Hosmer, himself a participant in the war, deserves praise for the success with which he has avoided both of these rocks of offence. His accounts of military operations are easy to follow, while the interspersion of brief, graphic characterizations of leading actors, Union or Confederate, at their first appearance is an effective device. In other words, the volumes are a history of the war, not of typical episodes in the war. It cannot be denied that the narrative often seems hurried, and that critical moments, such as those presented at Gettysburg or just before the surrender of Lee, are lightly touched; but the plan is at least consistent with itself.

Original discussions of disputed points are hardly to be looked for in condensed works of this character. Mr Hosmer confines himself, for the most part, to a careful and moderate statement of the case, or a cautious indication of the trend of expert opinion. As to the numbers in the opposing armies, he follows Levermore's figures; as to the treatment of prisoners, his agreement is frankly with Mr. Rhodes. He does not hesitate to condemn the inaction of McClellan or the pompous declarations of Pope on the one hand, or to defend the course of Halleck on the other. At other times he seems to stay his hand: one feels, for instance, that he would like to criticise Lincoln's efforts at military direction rather more strongly than he does, and that he admires Grant more for his dogged persistency and ultimate success than for the inherent merit of his military operations save at Vicksburg. On the vexed question of morals presented by such episodes as Sheridan's devastation of the Shenandoah valley and Sherman's march to the sea, his attitude is that of unapproving resignation: these were indefensible acts, but they were not typical; their justification is in the inherently brutal nature of war; and the Confederates, so far as they had opportunity, were as bad as the Federals.

Of civil happenings during the war, Mr. Hosmer gives, as in the case of military operations, compact and rapid surveys, adequate so far as the general plan of his volumes is concerned, but hardly more than elementary sketches from any other point of view. Doubtless, the economic history of the United States during the Civil War is yet to be written, but we must again express regret that the writers of this admirable series should throughout have dealt so slightly with economic topics. The

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important and extremely interesting work of the "war governors," also recently examined by William B. Weeden in his "War Government," is here little more than alluded to; and the same thing must be said of the internal history of the Confederacy. Outside of military affairs, in short, Mr. Hosmer's narrative is, as a whole, conventional. Nevertheless, these volumes well sustain the general level of the series to which they belong, and undoubtedly constitute the best short history of the Civil War that has yet appeared.

The Hammermen of Edinburgh and their Altar in St. Giles Church. Being Extracts from the Records of the Incorporation of Hammermen of Edinburgh. With Introductory Notes by John Smith. Edinburgh: William J. Hay.

A picturesque title always counts for something, and Mr. Smith's book, "The Hammermen of Edinburgh," is sure to catch the eye, whether in the catalogue or on the counter. The hammermen in question were neither political nor ecclesiastical zealots, but simply craftsmen who at the close of the Middle Ages secured incorporation and were during the next century or so a factor in the artistic life of Scotland. Altogether there were eight branches of this association, inasmuch as the metal workers of Edinburgh comprised blacksmiths, goldsmiths, pewterers, lorimers, saddlers, cutlers, bucklemakers, and armorers. The charter granted to these artisans in 1483 was called the *Seill of Cause,* and like other mediæval charters it claimed an almost idolatrous reverence from those who shared in its privileges.

It may seem that 1483 is a very late date for the establishment of such a society, but Scotland, in economic as well as in intellectual development, lagged far behind the rest of Latin Christendom. It was in the middle of the fifteenth century that the first great stimulus was given to both education and manufactures. The founding of the University of Glasgow by Pope Nicholas V. in 1447 was followed two years later by the rise of an industrial movement. We allude here to the results which attended the marriage of James II. to Mary, daughter of Arnold, Duke of Gueldres. In the train of the bride there came to Edinburgh first new articles and then new craftsmen. Competition between the alien and the native led to an unprecedented activity among the Scottish artisans, together with fresh signs of willingness to seek strength through union. During the two generations which lie between 1456 and 1523 seventeen trades applied to the Town Council of Edinburgh for incorporation, the motive in each case clearly being a desire to secure increased protection.

Having their birth at this period, the hammermen of Edinburgh displayed great vitality throughout the age which just precedes John Knox. Mr. Smith shows himself extremely sympathetic toward that branch of the Christian body which the average Scot has long associated with the Scarlet Woman:

> Whatever [he says] may now be the opinion held regarding the Roman Catholic Church, the fact that in Scotland art, literature, culture, aye, even the trade and commerce of the land, were fostered and nourished by her remains; and it is clear that the trend of her efforts was linked with the welfare of the people. She encouraged everything that made her churches and services beautiful, and drew around her at all times men and women who nobly devoted their labor and substance for those ends. To-day, alas! all over Scotland the testimony of that devotion and trust lies buried in the ruins of fair cathedrals and abbeys.

Whether this passage represents theological or archæological enthusiasm, we need not stop to enquire. The main thing is that Mr. Smith finds his largest subject in the contribution made by the hammermen to St. Giles's Church. Any one who has looked into Chaucer or into Maitland's "Dark Ages"—leave alone the *Acta Sanctorum*—is very familiar with St. Eligius, who becomes the St. Eloi of the Prioress's oath in the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales." The story of Eligius at the court of Dagobert is one of the best anecdotes that have come down to us from the dark ages, and it is not strange that this saint, who was first of all a goldsmith, should have become the patron of metal workers for five hundred years. According to Mr. Smith's contention Sir Daniel Wilson is responsible for a rather glaring mistake in the popular mind regarding the site of "St. Eloi's chapel" in St. Giles's. Without entering upon his special discussion of this point, we may observe that the *chef d'œuvre* of the Edinburgh hammermen was their altar to the patron of their craft as erected during the half-century which followed 1500.

The present volume consists of two parts, the first embracing a series of short essays on matters connected with the Guild of Hammermen, and the second containing extracts from the guild's records between 1494 and 1558. As can be seen from the entries in the ledger of these craftsmen, their devotion to St. Eloi was very great, and upon the embellishment of his shrine they lavished their substance with all the usual generosity of the Scotch. The documents published by Mr. Smith should prove interesting to students of Scottish family history and social life, no less than to those for whom the book is chiefly a contribution to our knowledge of Scottish industry and art. Altogether the volume is an excellent example of antiquarian research pursued with thoroughness and well set forth.

The Reform Movement in Judaism. By David Philipson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

The movement in Judaism towards emancipation from within, which began side by side with emancipation from without, is elaborately treated by Dr. Philipson, so that his work is practically the first of its kind in English to give an extended history of Jewish reform, as it is called, for the past century. The story, however, is so recent that it is difficult to write *sine ira* of an agitation which was inevitable as Ghetto legislation passed away and the Jew, gradually admitted in most lands to civil and religious liberty, entered upon an era of slow readjustment. It must be clearly understood that the new movement, which in reality is no new movement at all, does not touch so much the foundation of Jewish belief, as the question of traditional usages in synagogue and home. Hence it can hardly be termed a Reformation in the Protestant sense of the word.

The author, who is clear and fairly objective throughout, does not attempt a history of rationalism in Judaism—in many respects a more vital and fundamental topic—but gives an account of the nineteenth century reform movement. He deals chiefly with Germany, which has so markedly influenced, in recent decades, American Israel, although England, where reform has been arrested, as well as Hungary and France, receives some attention. Of the men who were leaders, Holdheim and Geiger are the most prominent. The rabbinical conferences of 1844-6 are discussed at length, as also the Leipzig and Augsburg Synods, which were hardly as far-reaching as historic synods in general. The spirited opposition that followed the movement against traditional interpretation of Judaism, in which Z. Frankel and S. R. Hirsch were among the more representative champions, is told with considerable fulness. The movement was inevitable with changed conditions and conceptions of modern life, and, as Dr. Philipson says, its purpose has been to institute "the universal and spiritual teachings that accentuate Judaism's message of ethical monotheism" for the "nationalistic, legalistic, and ceremonial form." Such an emphasis was doubtless necessary, but it remains to be seen if Judaism can yet survive, without its traditional and universal form, as a wholly spiritual and ethical institution. The author is to be commended for his careful and scholarly work, and his book is eminently readable.

Julie de Lespinasse. By the Marquis de Ségur; translated from the French by P. H. Lee Warner. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50 net.

M. de Ségur's volume, though ample and interesting, contributes but little of real weight to a familiar story. His principal initial point consists in disposing of Bachaumont's offhand assertion that Cardinal de Tencin was Julie's father, and substituting a conjecture which, while complicating her situation, explains quite naturally the immediate interest taken in her by Mme. du Deffand. From private archives, such as the records of the noble families of Vichy, Villa Hermosa, etc., not accessible to other biographers, detailed information has likewise been drawn for the portraits of the Marquis de Mora and the Comte de Guibert, the two men who divided the passionate interest of Mlle. de Lespinasse's life. The nature of her feeling, at least in regard to the latter, is here in nowise obscured; without rehearsing M. de Ségur's carefully verified narrative, we merely quote in corroboration from the seventy-second letter to De Guibert: "Si un jour vous deveniez parfait . . . comme le froid Grandisson, mon ami, je vous admirerois; mais je serois radicalement guérie."

Easy-going tolerance of equivocal situations was the order of the day in eighteenth-century Paris; what gave, and still preserves, to this *liaison* its unusual character was the long heart-tragedy which resulted from the intrusion of elementary human passion, no doubt widely suspected at the time, though not fully revealed till the first publication of the letters in 1809. The present biography succeeds in giving

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a lively impression of the group that gravitated around this hidden drama, from D'Alembert, whose last years were darkened by its discovery, to "l'endiablé Galiani qui soufflait des horreurs au perroquet." But beyond this, we learn little more than was already contained in the studies of Sainte-Beuve and Charles Henry, or in the excellent introduction to the letters by Eugène Asse, in 1876.

The absence of an index is unaccounted for. In the translation not many errors of detail call for correction, but we may ask the authority for "notorious honesty" as describing a woman's virtue (p. 236); and where did Horace Walpole say that Madame de Boufflers "is eternally posing before a biograph" (p. 176)? Walpole feebly anticipated Goldsmith's "The Citizen of the World" and Macaulay's New Zealander. Did his prophetic soul foresee the penny-in-the-slot?

Science.

The Reptile Book. By Raymond Lee Ditmars. New York. Doubleday, Page & Co. $4 net.

This volume is the thirteenth in the Nature Library of this publishing house, and it bears comparison with the best in the series. The title is rather misleading, as the scope of the work is limited to the reptiles of North America; although even in this restricted field, the author finds abundant material to his hand. In his position as curator of reptiles in the New York Zoölogical Park, Mr. Ditmars has taken advantage of the unequalled opportunities afforded by the park collection and has brought together a host of interesting facts and a great number of photographs from life. Eight of these are in color, and although they will appeal to the average reader, yet so difficult is it even to approximate the colors of nature, that one would wish them all in black and white. Most of the illustrations are perfect as to detail and admirable as to background. It is safe to say that as a whole the photographs form a graphic representation of our reptilian fauna which is unsurpassed. Of especial interest are photographs of young reptiles, and of the eggs of many species of turtles and serpents. The frequent introduction of inch rulers, to show the comparative sizes is an important feature. The general reader will also be grateful for the lettered plates, identifying the elements of the cephalic scalation, which are so important in the classification of lizards and serpents; and for the methods of taking measurements (plates 31 and 32), although these, for more ready reference, should have been inserted in the front of the work.

The text is a notable addition to popular herpetological literature, but we cannot agree with the author that this field is a gap which "has steadily remained unchanged." Such an assertion is unfair to the contributions of Dr. Hermon C. Bumpus to volume iii., of the "Riverside Natural History," and of Prof. Hans Gadow to the Cambridge series.

For the sake of popularization, references to anatomy, embryology, and general evolution have been omitted, perhaps wisely, as these phases of the subject are well treated in Gadow's work. A key to each group is followed by the specific descriptions, dimensions, distribution, and habits. In the simplicity of identification tables and especally in the large number of facts as to the habits of reptiles in captivity, this volume is unexcelled. The data concerning the diet and care of reptiles will be of material help to future students and investigators, and this feature of the treatise is the most valuable, as it is certainly the most novel. The illustrations and text relating to the turtles and tortoises are unusually welcome, owing to our scanty knowledge of these creatures. Also of great interest is the account of the ejection of 103 drops of blood from the eyelids of the so-called horned toad, apparently a defensive adaptation which has been recorded and refuted many times. The introduction of the term horned *lizard* in place of the usual but incorrect name, is worthy of imitation by some of our mammalogists and ornithologists, who humbly bow to public opinion and perpetuate such atrocities as prairie *dog* and wood *ibis*. In the final chapter, the rattlesnakes are thoroughly discussed, including the history of the development of the rattle.

It is to be hoped that this work, in its explosion of many popular superstitions and fears based on ignorance, will decrease the unreasonable dislike which the "great majority" bear toward all reptiles. Indeed, with this volume at hand, there remains little excuse for the indiscriminate killing of snakes, or for instilling into children the unreasoning dread of all reptiles —a dread which is never congenital, but which when once implanted, is so difficult to overcome.

"Van Nostrand's Chemical Annual" for 1907 (D. Van Nostrand Co.) is a handy volume for the laboratory, containing 400 pages of tables. The properties and numerical constants of a large number of organic and inorganic compounds are given, as well as logarithmic tables for the calculation of analyses. The classified bibliography of the most important articles and books published since January 1, 1905, will save the chemist much time and trouble. Hitherto the American chemist has been dependent on British and German annuals, but this new publication is in some respects better adapted to his needs. The work is edited by John C. Olsen, professor of analytical chemistry, Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, with the coöperation of eminent chemists.

In *La Nature* (No. 1765) an account is given of the experimental determinations of longitude between Potsdam and the Brocken, by Prof. Albrecht, by means of wireless telegraphy. The results are excellent.

Drama.

Sappho and Phaon. By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Mackaye's work is the most notable addition that has been made for many years to American dramatic literature. It is a true poetic tragedy, classic in form and spirit, not always glowing with the fire of genius, but nevertheless charged with happy inspiration; dignified, eloquent, passionate, imaginative, and thoroughly human in its emotions. It is a great advance in almost every respect upon his "Jeanne d'Arc," and, whether considered in the light of literature or drama, need not fear comparison with anything that has been written by Stephen Phillips or John Davidson.

The author has availed himself boldly of the license afforded by the vagueness of our knowledge of the Lesbian poetess. The surviving fragments of her verse, which he has plainly studied, reveal more of her intellect and philosophy than conflicting legends do of her life and character. In his conception, she is a superb pagan with modern aspirations, the virgin paragon of her band of maiden disciples, warding off the importunities of many suitors with intellectual fence, while awaiting the advent of the predestined and ideal lover. When Pittacus, the tyrant of Mitylene, lays his crown at her feet, she answers him parabolically, asserting her female prerogative to choose her own mate and raise him to her own level. She has been smitten with a sudden passion for Phaon, a magnificent fisherman slave. Trembling at her own impulses, she at first meditates casting herself into the sea beneath her—the whole action passes in the open space before a temple of Neptune on an Ægean promontory—but soon rallies her energies in a soliloquy of which the greater part deserves quotation:

> The teeming, terrible, maternal sea
> That spawned us all. She calls me back to her,
> But I will not go. Her womb has brought me forth
> A child defiant. I will be free of her!
> Her ways are birth, fecundity, and death,
> But mine are beauty and immortal love.
> Therefore will I be tyrant of myself—
> Mine own law will I be! And I will make
> Creatures of mind and melody, whose forms
> Are wrought of loveliness without decay,
> And wild desire without satiety,
> And joy and aspiration without death;
> And on the wings of those shall I, I, Sappho!
> Still soar and sing above these cliffs of Lesbos,
> Even when ten thousand blooms of men and maids
> Are fallen and withered.

Soon she encounters Phaon, who has brought his slave mate, Thalassa, to offer a dove to Neptune as a sacrifice for their sick babe. Sappho, who reminds him of a vison of Venus vouchsafed him in his early youth, exercises a powerful fascination upon Phaon, but is unable to overcome his loyalty to the mother of his children. She induces them, however, to sell her the dove, intended for Neptune, which she immediately sets free in honor of Venus, with a triumphant rhapsody:

> O darling bird, which art my beating soul,
> That Phaon captured on these wild sea cliffs,
> Mount up, mount up! and nestle with thy wings
> Against the burning chlamys of heaven's queen
> There where her breast heaves highest.—Say to her;
> "Lady of love, almighty! This is Sappho—
> Her spirit—whom thou madest of that fire
> Which sleeps in Phaon's eyes. Lo, I am his,
> And I will make him mine!"

The wrath of the offended Neptune hastens the impending tragedy. Sappho awakens the slumbering soul of Phaon by conferring upon him his freedom—which she has won from Pittacus—and stirs the hero in him by giving him her spear, effecting in him a transformation which is finely

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imagined and most dramatically set forth. Henceforth he will be master:

Nevermore
Shall you be sovereign of your maiden will
Or single in your fate. Not here with priest
And song, but with a spear, you have betrothed me.
O thou my spear, that singest in my hand,
Thou art my power and manhood. Face to face
Thou pittest me in combat with the gods
And raising thee, my mind is raised up
Confronting heaven, till from those clouds of fire
This slavish world grows dim, . . .

But in the very moment of exaltation he is obliged to flee, for Pittacus has given him again into slavery to Alcæus, his bitterest foe, who is approaching with an armed band to seize him. In a passionate scene Sappho volunteers to descend the face of the cliff with him, and so the lovers escape to Phaon's boat. But the sea is deep in impenetrable fog, and Phaon, recognizing the angry intervention of Neptune, insists upon returning, to pacify him with a living sacrifice, in spite of Sappho's protest.

Stoop not to this
Our wills are their own Providence, and shape
The mandates of the immortals to their ends.

Already the heroic ecstasy of Phaon, born of Sappho's magnetism, is perishing in the fog of slavish superstition. Bent on the living sacrifice, his only hope, he advances toward the temple pillar behind which he believes his enemy Alcæus to be concealed, and striking blindly in the darkness kills his own eldest boy, who was seeking him. It could be wished that Mr. Mackaye had invented some less theatrical expedient for the consummation of his tragedy, but the ensuing scene, in which the remorseful father turns again to his slave-mate, the bereaved mother, Thalassa—a name of dread significance to Sappho—is masterfully written, with deep pathos and unmistakable poetic power. Sappho, perceiving that her dominion over Phaon is lost, and that he now regards her only as an avenging deity, hurls herself from the cliff top. Her last words, however, are a song of triumph:

Nor thou, Poseidon, shalt extinguish me.
My spirit is thy changeling, and returns
To her who glows beyond the stars of birth—
To her, who is herself time's passion star.
Beautiful Sister, goddess of desire,
Come to me! Clasp me in your wings of sunrise
Burning, for see! I go forth to you burning
Still.—Aphrodite!

The present limits of space permit only an allusion to subsidiary personages and incidents which are conceived with lively fancy and a keen sense of dramatic effect. The classic tone is preserved without pedantry or affectation. Sappho in herself is a notable creation, both in respect of her artificial endowments and her natural instincts. Phaon, too, is a fine study, in his original torpidity, in his momentary awakening, and his pathetic relapse. Of the ingenious prologue, induction, prelude, and epilogue by which the author links the dead past with the ever-dying present, this mention must suffice. The whole piece is full of an eloquent symbolism for those who choose to look for it.

A new play by Victor Hugo has been unearthed and performed in Italy. It is called "The Marchioness Zabeth," and was written in his early youth. The plot, according to a correspondent, tells of Lisette, a little orphan peasant. She is engaged to be married to a young man of her own station. But she is full of romance, dreams of palaces and golden coaches, and joyfully expects to see Prince Charming one day. He comes in the person of the Duke of Galius, blasé and a skeptic. He immediately desires to win Lisette, and takes her away in his golden coach. In the second act she is in the palace of the Duke, surrounded by the libertines of the town. She sees herself despised, and longs to return to the pure and simple life of former days. At last she dies—dies, she says, because she is not loved. At this the duke protests that he loves her passionately, but has kept the knowledge of this from her, as he wished to try her. It is said that Hugo never intended that the piece should be played.

Mr. Tree has arranged with Stephen Phillips to join with J. Comyns Carr in the preparation of the new version of "Faust," which is to be produced at His Majesty's.

Lewis Waller has a new play by William S. Maugham called "The Explorer," which is founded in part upon the history of Cecil Rhodes. But the chief dependence of the piece is upon the love interest.

Music.

SHOULD MUSICIANS PLAY WITHOUT NOTES?

One of the many new things introduced by Liszt in the concert halls was the custom of playing whole programmes by heart. Of the eighty pieces presented at his twenty-one Berlin concerts in 1842, he played fifty without notes, to the dismay of the professionals. To be in the fashion, they soon found it necessary to follow his example, and the time came when no one was considered ripe for the concert hall unless he could play a score or two of pieces without the aid of the printed music. Some of the feats accomplished in this direction border on the marvellous. A trustworthy Viennese critic, writing from personal observation, has asserted that if half a dozen bars of any one of Chopin's pieces are shown to Moritz Rosenthal, the rest of the page being carefully covered, that pianist will promptly name the piece and play it by heart.

Once in a while a voice is raised against the tyranny of the fashion of memorizing all the music performed in public. Ten years ago Dr. Karl Schmidt wrote an article in the *Centralblatt für Instrumentalmusik*, in which he maintained that the art of rendering by heart a long composition, especially with orchestral accompaniment, is a needless accomplishment; that it is not expected of singers or of conductors (although some conductors do practise it); that it involves a loss of time; and that if it were discarded we should hear a greater variety of works at our concerts.

Without having cognizance of this article, Prof. Wilhelm Altmann contributed one of similar tenor to the first March number of *Die Musik*, in which he dwelt with particular emphasis on the fact that the habit of playing none but memorized pieces is largely responsible for the tiresome monotony of piano-recital programmes. He is undoubtedly right, and as that same monotony is really the cardinal defect of such recitals, and one which does much to diminish their popularity, it is at least an open question whether, all things considered, anything is gained by keeping up the present custom. Undoubtedly the pianist who plays without notes has the same advantage which an orator has over one who merely reads aloud. Many eloquent orators, however, have their manuscript, or a sketch of their speech, before them, to be momentarily referred to in an emergency; and this suggests that pianists also might with advantage have the printed music before them, and some one to turn the leaves. In all probability it would never be looked at; but the mere fact of its presence would cure the nervous dread which often prevents players from doing their best. No less a man than Rubinstein confessed in the last years of his career that he often suffered agonies at the thought of his memory suddenly failing him. The procedure just suggested would have prevented this. It is practised by Pugno, and no one can say that there is less of the impromptu, unrestrained character in his playing than in that of his rivals who rely altogether on their memory.

In the first May number of *Die Musik*, Marie von Bülow, widow and literary executrix of the great pianist, contributes a few pages on this topic. She refers to the fact that Hans von Bülow habitually memorized his part even in chamber music, a practice which seemed almost "uncanny" to his fellow players. In New York, on May 10, 1890, he and D'Albert played without notes Bach's double concerto, and in Berlin, subsequently, the Haydn variations by Brahms for two pianos. Bülow could read over a difficult new piece a few times in a railway car, memorizing it with his eyes, and then, without looking at it again, sit at the piano and play it—which also seems uncanny; for in this case he did not have the aid of what may be called finger memory, independent of volition. His pupil, Vianna da Motta, relates that once, when a student made a number of mistakes, Bülow exclaimed: "There, you see! that comes of the accursed outward memorizing and playing of what has not yet been learned inwardly. Never mind playing without notes: I would rather have you play with them. By playing by heart you want to impose on us; but we are beyond that, aren't we? I don't want any feats here." This does not prove that Bülow would have counselled his pupils to use their notes in the concert hall also. A pianist who could, as Vianna da Motta relates, sit down at a second piano, and without having looked at the music, correct any errors made by the pupil, could hardly be expected to sympathize with mortals less well endowed as to memory.

There has been no lack of dictionaries of musical terms, but most of them appeared before the day of the cheap miniature scores which have made it possible for all to study the great orchestral works in their entirety instead of in mere arrangements for pianoforte. For this reason it occurred to Tom S. Wotton that there was room for another dictionary in which more attention would be given than in the others to the terms and directions given in full scores. The result is "A Dictionary of Foreign Musical Terms and Handbook of Orchestral Instruments"

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(Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel). The title is somewhat misleading if it suggests that foreign words only are explained, for the principal English terms are not omitted; but the foreign terms are the main feature of this volume, and they are presented more fully than elsewhere. The definitions are usually clear; a felicitous example is Saxophone: "an instrument with a body of metal (but not on that account classed amongst the brass), and played with a single reed like a clarinet."

Next season's programme of the People's Symphony Concerts in this city, under Mr. Franz Arens, will embrace the same number of concerts as were given during the past successful season: Four symphony concerts and six chamber concerts at the Cooper Union large hall, and four symphony concerts at Carnegie Hall. No tickets will be sold at the music stores, as has been the custom during former seasons. They can be purchased only at the office of the society, No. 32 Union Square East, and at the institutions that coöperate with it.

Art.

A Theory of Pure Design. By Denman W. Ross. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50 net.

Professor Ross has been engaged for many years in the study and teaching of pure design—design, that is, altogether dissociated from representation, and consisting of the arrangement of entirely meaningless shapes, measures, and tones. His problem is to produce something from which all suggestion of, or association with, anything outside itself shall be banished, something which shall be absolute design, like absolute music; to discover the laws of design by eliminating everything which can interest or please for any other reason than its subjection to these laws. He has at length, "with great reluctance" given to the public the results at which he has arrived, and is modest enough to consider these results "inadequate and unsatisfactory." His book, he says, "will hardly be published before I shall discover in it errors both of omission and commission. . . . It is inconceivable that this, my first published statement, should be either consistent or complete . . . . It is simply the best statement that I can make at this time." And he specifically invites coöperation, suggestion, and criticism from other students of the subject.

His book is "a contribution to science rather than to art," and it is written in a strictly scientific style, with numbered paragraphs, definitions, diagrams and tables. It is not to be read but to be studied, and one should judge it finally only after making for one's self the experiments it recommends, not after a mere perusal of its highly abstract statements. For such studies a reviewer cannot take the time—his review might be ready three or four years from now—and the actual practice of design does not necessarily constitute the practitioner such a "student" of its principles as is invited to criticise. One must apologize, therefore, for such hasty and impressionistic criticism of his treatise as is here offered, based though it is on the occupation of a lifetime with the matter treated.

The impression given by a reading of Professor Ross's volume is a singular one. Each definition seems precise, each paragraph logical, and the sequence of ideas seems clear, the argument convincing; yet one goes on to the end with an increasing dissatisfaction, a growing sense that something is wrong, that there has been somewhere a vital omission. It is not that the author's illustrations of his principles do not strike one as beautiful—he has discounted that in advance—but the principles themselves, singly or all together, will not account, satisfactorily to one's mind, for those things which are beautiful. Indeed it may be said that they do not pretend to do so. Professor Ross begins by disclaiming any knowledge of what beauty is; but he says:

> While I am quite unable to give any definition or explanation of Beauty, I know where to look for it, where I am sure to find it. The Beautiful is revealed, always, so far as I know, in the forms of Order.

He admits that a thing may possess order without being beautiful, but believes that it cannot be beautiful without order and that beauty is to be found in "supreme instances of Order." "In the practice of Pure Design we aim at Order and hope for Beauty." We must consciously strive for order and for nothing else, trusting that by a kind of felicity we may achieve such a supreme instance of it as to reveal beauty. The difficulty is that the nearer we get to supreme instances of order, according to his definitions of the modes of order, the farther we get from what we know as beautiful.

The modes of order which he recognizes as principal ones in design, are harmony, balance, and rhythm. It will be noted that he does not include proportion, believing that ratios are not "visually appreciated," and ignoring the fact that they may possibly be felt. The ratios of length in sound waves are probably not appreciated by the ear, in any strict sense, but do they not produce a result of harmony which is appreciated? In this we think he is wrong, but it is a detail. Let us take his definition of the modes of order he does recognize and see whither they lead us and him. It is unfair to him to condense what is already condensed, but we shall try to leave out nothing essential.

> Whenever two or more impressions or ideas have something in common that is appreciable, they are in harmony in the measure of what they have in common. The harmony increases as the common element increases. . . . It diminishes in the measure of every difference or contrast. By the Order of Harmony I mean some recurrence or repetition, some correspondence or likeness.
>
> By the Order of Balance I mean equal opposition and consequent equilibrium, as it occurs at some moment of Time or at *some point of Space.*
>
> By the Order of Rhythm I mean changes of sensation . . . which induce the feeling or idea of movement, either in the duration of Time or in the extension of Space; provided that the changes take place at regular and marked intervals of Time or in regular and marked measures of Space. By regular intervals and measures I mean equal or lawfully varying intervals and measures.

Now if the first definition be true, it is evident that two impressions increase in harmony as they approach identity; the highest harmony of pitch would be reached when two notes are sounded in perfect unison, the highest harmony of color when two spaces of color are of exactly the same color. The supreme instance of harmony would be like what Professor Ross says of harmony of positions: "Positions in Harmony are identical positions." Yet he recognizes that this is not harmony at all, and that "there is no such thing as a Harmony of Positions." Likewise the supreme instance of balance would consist of two, or preferably four, exactly similar forces or exactly similar weights at exactly equal distances. In either case beauty would become synonymous with monotony, and much the same thing would hold good of rhythm, the supreme instances of which would be those of the utmost regularity. The most beautiful verse would be that with the most marked and regular rhythm, and all variation in time or accent would be a blemish.

Professor Ross feels the danger of this exaltation of monotony, at least as regards the harmony of colors, for he says:

> There is another consideration which ought to keep us from any morbid interest in harmonious monotonies. . . . Harmony is only one principle of composition in Design. . . . The principles of Balance and Rhythm are consistent with the greatest possible contrasts of Tone.

They are; but as such contrasts are not necessary to the exemplification of these principles, and as they are, under his definition, destructive to harmony, why should they be introduced? He gives no reason. Indeed, his theory brings him at the end, pretty near the position that, in design, the less one does the better. Why risk destroying the perfect orderliness of a blank space by putting anything into it?

> When only an outline is given and we can put into it . . . tones, measures, and shapes *ad libitum*, we must be sure that in the addition and multiplication of features we do not get less Order than we had in the simple outline with which we started. . . . It may be harder to achieve Order with a greater number and variety of terms. We may deserve credit for overcoming this difficulty, but it is a difficulty which confronts us only when the terms are given. . . . When no terms are given, only a perfectly orderly outline, we should hesitate before we put anything into it. . . .
>
> I object to the word "decoration," as commonly used by designers, because it implies that additions are likely to be improvements, that to multiply features, to enrich surfaces, is worth while or desirable. The fact is that additions are as a rule to be avoided. . . . We ought to make them only when in so doing we are able to increase the order of the whole. We make additions, indeed, to achieve the greater simplicity of Order, and for no other reason. Our object in all cases is to achieve Order, if possible a supreme instance of Order which will be beautiful. We aim at Order and hope for Beauty.

This is the last paragraph in the book, the final word. Enrichment of surfaces is not desirable, additions are not worth while. If you have a wall to decorate, paint it one flat color and you are sure of harmony. Two flat disks, equidistant from the centre, will give you balance, perhaps without over disturbing the harmony, or you might make them squares to harmonize with the boundaries of the wall space. A Greek wave border, or, to avoid curves, a simple fret, will give you rhythm. Perhaps you have, so far, added

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more to the perfect orderliness of the empty space than you have taken away, but beware of going any further. And make as little contrast between the tones as possible, for "harmony diminishes in the measure of every contrast." The size of your squares and the width of your border, in view of the fact that proportions are not visually appreciated, must be left to chance.

Such an arrangement might conceivably be sufficient. Without the squares, introduced to give balance, it represents a common enough condition which has a certain dignity and "simplicity of order," but few people will believe that it is the highest form of design or that it achieves any great degree of beauty. Rightly or wrongly, designers have always felt that the enrichment of surfaces is worth while, that multiplicity and intricacy have a delightfulness of their own, that contrast is as precious and necessary as harmony. There has been very little "pure design" produced in the world—very little design that has not some suggestion of representation. The best examples of it are, perhaps, in Celtic work and in the geometrical designs of the Moors. Of both these styles of design, intricacy and multiplicity of parts are the most striking features; in both, the enrichment of surfaces is the most obvious motive. Both indulge, also, in the sharpest of contrasts, the contrast of light and dark, of curvature and angularity. The contrast of black and white has ever been a favorite one, and few designers have been able to get on without the contrast of straight lines and curved ones. In the higher forms of design another element is introduced, that of variety. The great designers have always felt that a rhythm becomes more delightful if it is slightly irregular, that a repetition is enhanced by a certain unlikeness in the units, that balance is more pleasantly achieved when the things balanced are unequal. In the very highest form of design, that of the great painters and sculptors, these elements of contrast, variety, and multiplicity become apparently dominant, and the underlying and really dominant harmony, balance, and rhythm are felt rather than seen.

Here, we think, is the radical defect of Professor Ross's system. He is perfectly right as to the importance, as forms of order, of harmony, balance, and rhythm, to which we should add proportion if only as a mode of harmony. He is wrong in not seeing that the antithesis of each of these qualities is necessary to its greatest effect. It is harmony dominating contrast, balance achieved in inequality, rhythm controlling irregularity, that give us the most acute and pleasurable sensations of harmony, balance, and rhythm. The "supreme instances of order" which produce beauty are instances of order subjecting wilfulness, reconciling variety, overcoming opposition. The highest types of beauty, in nature as in design, are types of the reconciliation of law and liberty, of fate and free will. It is not merely harder, and therefore more creditable, "to achieve order with a greater number and variety of terms"; the order, if achieved, is finer in proportion to the number and variety of the terms it controls, more pleasurable as the terms seem constantly about to escape from it without ever doing so.

The degree to which the conflicting elements of order and freedom shall be admitted in design, is really a question of position and function. In order without freedom we have the lower forms of design, suited to subordinate functions. In freedom without order, or license, we have no design at all. But from the most formal design, in which, however, there is almost always some element of opposition, to the freest and richest in which the dominance of order may still be felt, we have a regular gradation. A design which is admirably suited to one position or function may be unfit for another, and the freer design, out of place, may be the poorer; but, other things being equal, the design of the masters of painting is finer, as pure design and without regard to its representative elements, than that of the mere ornamentalist, because it is composed of many more elements; is richer, fuller, more intricate, and more subtle; and because the power of law is made more manifest by the variety of the elements it controls and more pleasurable by the occult nature of the control it exercises.

These remarks are suggestions only, and we do not pretend to have reduced our ideas to scientific form; but we believe that what we have said contains some glimpses of a truth worthy of attention and study by Professor Ross, and as such we commend them to him.

The following officers and academicians were elected at the recent annual meeting of the National Academy of Design: Officers elected—President, Frederick Dielman; vice-president, Herbert Adams; corresponding secretary, Harvey W. Watrous; recording secretary, Kenyon Cox; treasurer, Francis C. Jones. Members of council—Ben Foster, J. C. Nicoll, Will H. Low, William Sergeant Kendall, J. Alden Weir, Henry B. Snell. Academicians—Paul Dougherty, Edward Gay, W. L. Lathrop, Charles F. McKim, Howard Pyle, W. Elmer Schofield, R. W. Van Boskerck, Charles H. Woodbury, William Gedney Bunce, and Charles Melville Dewey.

D. C. French has presented the Metropolitan Museum with his fine bust of Emerson, modelled from life in 1879. It was of this bust Emerson made his famous remark: "That is the face that I shave."

In the May number, the *Rassegna d'Arte* is characteristically strong in illustrations of inedited pictures, several of which are of high interest. From the collection of the Marchese Campori, at Modena, Signor Tencajoli reports an early St. John the Baptist as a Youth, by Correggio; an oil sketch by the same master, for the Cupid with a Stag's Head in the Camera di S. Paolo, Parma; a portrait of a Young Woman, attributed to François Clouet; and half-length portraits on a long canvas of three Pages of the Este Court, ascribed to Van Dyck. Naturally the attributions are *sub judice*. Small doubt will attach, however, to the wholly charming Madonna Leading the Christchild, by Borgognone, at Buligo (Bergamo), which is described by Luigi Angelini, or to the Nativity, by Gerolamo da Cremona, which Guido Cagnola has seen in the hands of a Milanese antiquarian. This carries the list of paintings by that rare Quattrocentist to four. From Gubbio is reported the discovery of an important fresco of the fourteenth century, which is said to represent the translation of the Santa Casa, by angels, under the Virgin's supervision, from Fiume to Loreto. The subject is an unusual one, and obviously affords opportunities for fine decorative effect.

Alexandre Cesarin, a painter, sculptor, writer, and soldier, died on Sunday at his home in New York. Born in Mexico, he was educated in Paris and began the study of art in the studio of Meissonier. When the war of France and Germany began, he was made a colonel of chasseurs and served under Gen. MacMahon. On his return to Paris he became one of a coterie of artists, among them Fortuny, Corot, Diaz, and Millet, and his own paintings were in demand for private galleries, though he was opposed to exhibiting his works. Sculpture interested him, especially after his migration to this country, and he made busts of President McKinley, Senator Depew, and others. He was a friend of John Ruskin, and of Marie Corelli, who made him the hero of her story, "A Romance of Two Worlds."

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Finance.

STOCK MARKET AND RAILWAY BORROWINGS.

An exceedingly violent break in the stock market, at the opening of the present week, brought prices of numerous important railway shares below the level reached in what Wall Street calls the "March panic." On the Stock Exchange there were reported numerous indications of forced liquidation—that is to say, sales of large blocks of speculative holdings which had so shrunk in value that they no longer provided adequate security against the bank loans arranged to finance them. In the case of some active stocks, prices fell this week below the worst figures reached in the "rich men's liquidation" of 1903.

For this sudden and spasmodic decline, there were three obvious causes. One was the beginning of gold exports from New York to Europe—occurring, as was explained in this column a week ago, for the first time since the middle of 1905. On the money market, it was believed that the $800,000 gold engagement for Paris, last Monday, was hastened by the allowance of "interest in transit" by the Bank of France; that institution lending free of interest to gold importing bankers, as Secretary Shaw did with government funds last year, the money which would, so to speak, be "tied up" while the gold was on the ocean. It was inferred that further gold exports were bound to follow. A second cause was the return, at this week's beginning, of unseasonably cold weather in the wheat-belt. But these two influences were undoubtedly superseded by a third—the continued large offerings of new securities by the railways, at a time when the investing public has seemed more indifferent than for many years to such opportunities.

The case of these railway borrowings has become very remarkable. Last November, it will be recalled, James J. Hill made this extraordinary assertion in regard to the needs of our great railways:

> It is estimated that from 115,000 to 120,000 miles of track must be built at once to take care of this immense business. But to build that amount will cost as much as the Civil War cost at least. It will cost from $4,000,000,000 to $5,000,000,000. A thousand million dollars a year for five years will scarcely suffice. Why, there is not money enough nor rails enough in the world to do this thing.

When this was said, the market answered that, under present conditions, no such amount of capital could possibly be spared. Even last year, when the New York Stock Exchange "listed" $1,234,000,000 new stocks and bonds, $664,000,000 of that amount was merely put out to replace older securities which the companies were redeeming, and perhaps one-half of the entirely new securities were offered, not by railways, but by industrial companies. For 1907, with its disordered investment markets and scarcity of available capital even that achievement seemed inconceivable. Yet, such has been the urgency of the successive railway bids for new capital, that a table compiled last Saturday showed total offers of new railway securities, since the middle of December, to have reached the enormous sum of $792,000,000—or actually, within five months, four-fifths of the total sum named as the annual requirement by Mr. Hill. Of this large total offer, $326,000,000 was in new railway stocks, $180,000,000 in new bonds, and no less than $285,000,000 in short-term notes, mostly with three-year maturities and with rates of interest averaging nearly 6 per cent. And to these railway applications had to be added offers of $120,000,000 new securities by industrial companies, one-half in bonds and one-third in short-term notes.

The practical question of the markets is, how this huge mass of new securities is to find lodgment with investors. They are offered in various ways; some to existing shareholders, on terms more advantageous than similar securities yet give on the open market; some on an outright sale to banking houses; some through "underwriting" bankers, who receive handsome commissions for guaranteeing a sale and standing ready to take the securities themselves if the public will not buy. It is plain enough that such operations depend for their success largely upon the outside investor's attitude. Bankers who buy or "underwrite" such new securities do not expect to hold them permanently. Like wholesale dry-goods merchants, for example, they expect to clear their shelves in the coming season, through sales of the new securities to customers. A merchant, left at the season's end with his warehouse full of unsold goods, would be in a very uncomfortable situation. The banker has to calculate on a larger possibility that his customers will not buy; hence his reserve of personal capital is greater than the merchant's. That capital is as a rule already for the most part invested in interest-bearing securities; if, then, the banker foresees that he will have to hold the new securities for a longer period than he had expected, he must protect himself by realizing on his reserve of old securities.

But the only way to do this is to sell stocks and bonds in the open market, and retain the proceeds for his new investment. There can be little question that this process is going on to-day, as it was in 1903, and that it largely explains the weakness on the Stock Exchange.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ad-Damîrî's Hayât Al-Hayawân. Translated by A. S. G. Jayakar. Vol. I. London: Luzac & Co.
Aus der Dekabristenzeit. Bearbeitet von Adda Goldschmidt. G. E. Stetchert & Co. $1.
Ayres, Samuel Gardiner. Jesus Christ Our Lord. A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Barber, Edwin Atlee. Salt Glazed Stoneware. Doubleday, Page & Co. 90 cents net.
Beck, Otto Walter. Art Principles in Portrait Photography. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Bigelow, John. Peace Given as the World Giveth. Baker & Taylor Co.
Boardman, Rosina C. Lilies and Orchids. Robert Grier Cooke.
Browning, Oscar. The Fall of Napoleon. John Lane Co. $5 net.
Buchanan, George. A Memorial. Compiled by D. A. Miller. London: David Nutt.
Dening, Walter. Japan in the Days of Yore.—A New Life of Toyotomi Hideyoshi. Tokyo.
Deutsches Bürgertum und deutsche Adel im 16. Jahrhundert. Bearbeitet von Dr. Max Goos. G. E. Stetchert & Co. $1.
Die Eroberung von Mexiko. Bearbeitet von Dr. Ernst Schultze. G. E. Stetchert & Co. $1.50.
Die Reisen des Venezianers Marco Polo im 13. Jahrhundert. Berbeitet von Dr. Hans Lemke. G. E. Stetchert & Co. $1.25.
Dumas's Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge. Edited by L. Sauveur and E. S. Jones. American Book Co.
Fogazzaro, Antonio. The Woman. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Gibb, E. J. W., Memorial. Vol. IV. London: Luzac & Co.
Herrick, Rufus Frost. Denatured or Industrial Alcohol. John Wiley & Sons.
Hodges, George. Holderness. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Vol. VII. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Kirkham, Stanton Davis. Where Dwells the Soul Serene.—The Ministry of Beauty. Paul Elder & Co. $1.50 net each.
McArthur, Peter. The Prodigal and other Poems. Mitchell Kennerley.
Macrosty, Henry W. The Trust Movement in British Industry. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Martin, W. A. P. The Awakening of China. Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.80 net.
Mathews, Shailer. The Church and the Changing Order. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Maxims of a Queen. Selected and translated by Una Birch. John Lane Co. 50 cents net.
Montgomery, James Alan. The Samaritans. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $2 net.
Navigating the Air. By the Aero Club of America. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.
Peacock, Mabel. Lincolnshire Rhymes and Other Verses. Louth: Goulding & Son.
Sabatier, Paul. Lettre Ouverte à S. E. Le Cardinal Gibbons. Paris: Fischbacher.
St. John, Christopher. Ellen Terry. John Lane Co. $1 net.
Seton, Grace Gallatin. Nimrod's Wife. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75 net.
Severy, Melvin L. Gillette's Social Redemption. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. $2.50 net.
Sinclair, Upton. The Industrial Republic. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20 net.
University of Toronto and Its Colleges, 1827-1906. Published by the Librarian.
Watanna, Onoto. The Diary of Delia. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.

By the Author of "Joseph Vance"
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